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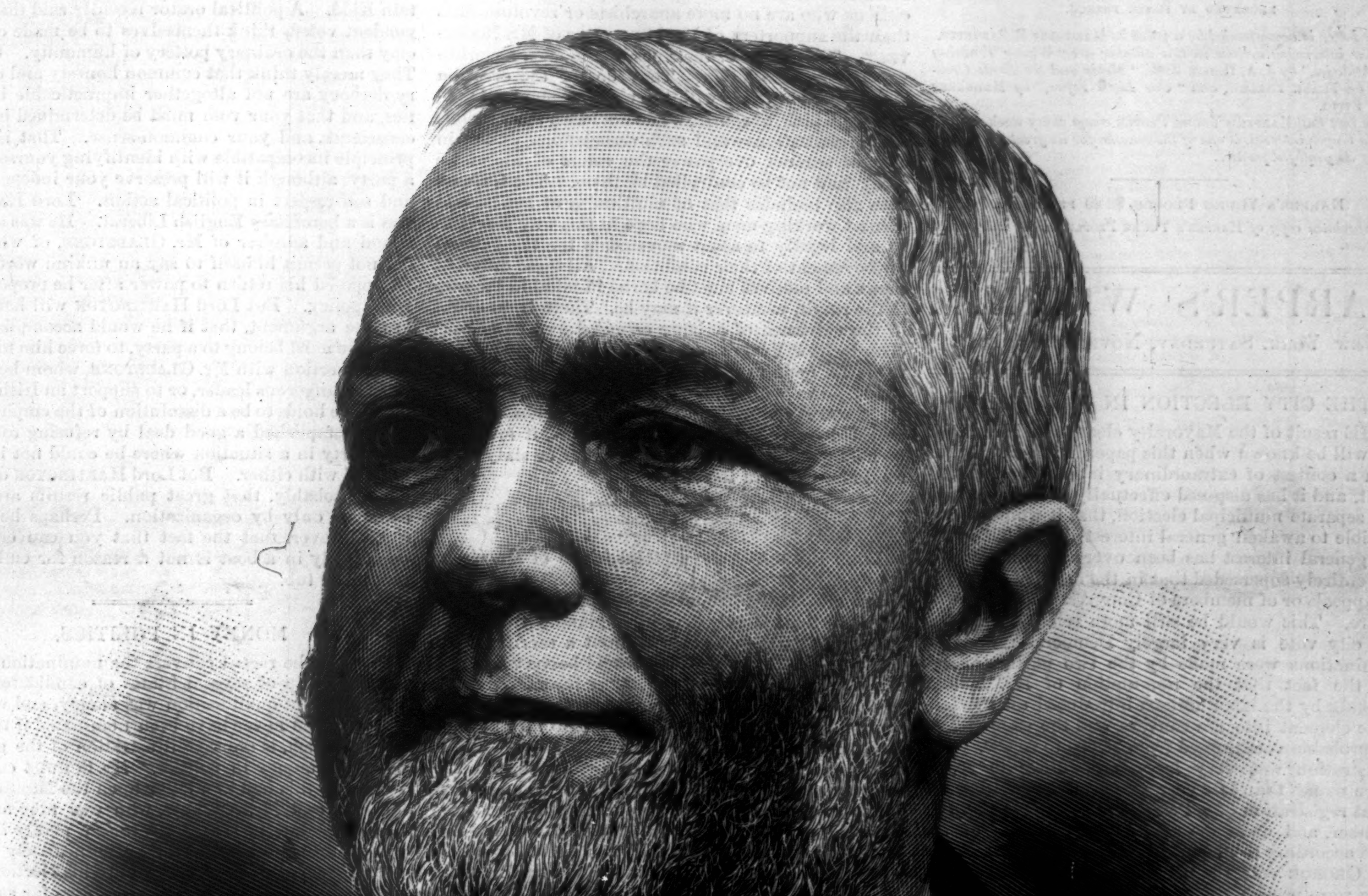

PETER M. ARTHUR, GRAND CHIEF OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE MR. ARTHUR'S ARTICLE ON "THE LABOR MOVEMENT," PAGE 714.]

"Harper's Young People is the most attractive and elevating literary periodical in the world for boys and girls."—Rev. James A. Worden, D.D.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

BEGINNING OF A NEW VOLUME.

Volume VIII. of Harper's Young People *begins with the current number, issued November 2.*

A brief prospectus was printed in this column last week of some of the attractions that may be expected in the new volume, from which it will be seen that the conductors of this popular periodical have spared neither thought, pains, nor expense in order to provide for their young readers the best and most interesting reading, accompanied by the most attractive illustrations.

In the opening number is given the first instalment of a story in three parts, entitled

HAZEL,

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of "Nan," "Rolf House," "Jo's Opportunity," etc.

The serial story for boys, entitled "The Flamingo Feather," is continued, and will run for several weeks in the new volume.

The principal illustrations in the current number are "Come, O Come with Me!" by F. S. Church, N.A., *and*

OUR LITTLE LOVE,

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

The latter is accompanied by a poem by Margaret E. Sangster.

Other interesting articles in this number are "Winter Training for Athletics," by J. A. Hodge, Jun., *"Music and the Brute Creation," by* Frank Bellew, *and "One Little Injun," by* Margaret Emma Ditto.

The fact that Harper's Young People *comes* every week, *instead of at a longer interval, is one of the reasons for its great popularity among its youthful public.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 6, 1886.

THE CITY ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

THE result of the Mayoralty election in New York will be known when this paper is issued. It has been a contest of extraordinary interest and excitement, and it has disposed effectually of the objection to a separate municipal election, that it would be impossible to awaken general interest in it. This year the general interest has been overwhelming, and it has entirely superseded that in the election of Judge of Appeals or of members of Congress and the Legislature. This would be still more remarkable since the city vote is very largely Democratic, and the nominations were made by the two parties, except for the fact that the nomination of Mr. Henry George by the labor unions introduced an incalculable element into the canvass, and the estimates of his probable vote ranged from 15,000 to 60,000. The registration was very large, amounting to 20,000 more names than last year, and almost equalling the great registration of a Presidential year. Upon this number, and upon the probable distribution of the vote according to its party proportion and a guess at the George vote, the computations were made, and they were probably very unsatisfactory to those who made them.

It was also impossible to agree upon the real issues of the canvass. The nomination of Mr. George seemed to us to present the simple question whether parties to carry a city election should be organized upon a recognized hostility of class, as of the poor against the rich, or of labor against capital, and as that is an intolerable basis for organization for such a purpose, the support of Mr. Hewitt as a man of the highest character, courage, and conviction, and of proved executive ability, seemed to be the natural course of all citizens who wished to accept the challenge offered by the nomination of Mr. George. That challenge lay not in the fact of an organization of men who live by wages to secure what they hold to be their rights, but in the fact that the proposed organization had no definite or intelligent policy of city government, but was a mere combination of heterogeneous elements ranging from anarchists to philanthropists, and in the further fact that by no possibility could the wrongs which were said to exist be redressed by the Mayor, who is merely the head of a municipal corporation. This challenge should have been accepted, but as it was supposed that Mr. George's vote would be drawn mainly from the Democrats, the Republicans decided that there was at least a chance of electing a Republican Mayor, and so nominated Mr. Roosevelt, and raised a cry against Mr. Hewitt as a feeble tool of Tammany corruption, insisting that the George vote was unimportant, and that the real contest lay between Mr. Hewitt, enslaved by Tammany, and Mr. Roosevelt, an acknowledged and proved municipal reformer. Yet if the George vote were really unimportant, Mr. Hewitt, the sole Democratic candidate in a Democratic city, was sure to be elected, and the hope of electing Mr. Roosevelt was chimerical; while if the George vote were not unimportant, the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt would divide the opposition, and aid Mr. George. It was a game in the dark, played with a great deal of fury. But the situation was one in which honest men might very sincerely differ.

Whatever the result may prove to be, there is one thing that should be remembered: Mr. George, whether elected or not, will be found to have received undoubtedly a very considerable vote. He has been opposed by a very large number of good citizens not because of any doubt of his sincerity or of his humane purpose, but because, as we have said, of the total irrelevance of his social and industrial views to the purposes of a city election, and because of the fact that his candidacy was supported as their own by the most disorderly and dangerous classes in the community, whose passions must have been perilously stimulated by what he was daily reported to have said. But the thing to be remembered is that his vote, however large it may prove to be, is not a vote exclusively of anarchists and communists and wild revolutionists. While such persons undoubtedly voted for him, he was supported also by men like the Rev. Heber Newton, and the Rev. James Huntington, and Father McGlynn, and Mr. Wingate, and Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, who represent very many citizens who are no more anarchists or revolutionists than the supporters of Mr. Hewitt or of Mr. Roosevelt. The danger of their position in such a controversy is its association. They do for the occasion make common cause with the worst elements of society—by which, of course, we do not mean labor unions and organizations—and such associations would, in case of success, overpower the voters of whom we speak, and not be controlled by them. The George vote also includes that of multitudes of honest and earnest working-men, who hope in this way peacefully and legally to assist movements for the general improvement of their condition. All these different views and motives must be borne in mind in looking at the result, whatever it may be. There is no doubt of the existence of a large criminal and dangerous class in New York which has rejoiced in what it felt to be its opportunity in the contest which is just closed. But while this is never to be forgotten, if Mr. George's vote should be as large as has been anticipated by some sanguine speculators, it must not be held to show that there are twenty or sixty thousand anarchists in the city.

PARTIES.

Lord Rosebery, the especial friend of Mr. Gladstone, who is supposed to express Mr. Gladstone's views most truly, has made a speech looking to a reunion of the Liberal party in England. But such a result is hardly attainable without a sacrifice upon one side or the other which would be very difficult, if not impossible. Lord Rosebery intimates that he might accept almost any conditions of reunion except two: first, renunciation of Mr. Gladstone as leader, and second, abandonment of his Irish policy. But as these are the two precise points upon which the Liberal breach occurred, the prospect of reunion by general acquiescence upon them is most improbable. Moreover, a party seldom unites after such a breach so long as the old leaders remain leaders still. In a certain sense, indeed, the great English parties are indissoluble. There is always a Tory party and a Liberal party, and certain great houses are traditionally attached to one or the other. There are Tory or Conservative families, and Whig or Liberal families. But the party course or policy may change from time to time. Mr. Disraeli, as the Tory leader, adopted the Whig policy of an extension of the suffrage, as Lord Randolph Churchill now aims to adopt a large part of the Liberal programme. So far as parties are based upon individual temperament or interest, rather than upon measures or a specific policy, they are continuous.

In this country the Federal, Whig, and Republican parties have represented the national and progressive spirit; the Anti-constitutionalists, Jeffersonian Republicans, and Jackson Democrats, the separatist and reactionary tendency. But the measures favored by these two general divisions have not been always strictly harmonious with this original and essential character, and party leaders like Calhoun and Webster, so far as policies were concerned, have changed sides without renouncing their fundamental political disposition. The English Liberal party has divided upon the great and vital question of Ireland, as the Whig party in the United States divided and disappeared upon the question of slavery, and as the Democratic party divided upon the question of the war for the Union. When the dividing question is settled, and the parties tend by the temperament and sympathy of voters to cohere again, the new form is not the same. In this country the disintegration of the parties as they were organized and acted upon the issues growing out of slavery is surely proceeding. There is sometimes an impatient demand for a new party, or a man decides to act with the existing party which is most satisfactory to his convictions upon certain questions. But identification with a party can be the result only of a strong sympathy with its great object and its general spirit and character. Neither of our parties, however, now has a chief purpose. The majority of Republicans probably are protectionists, but the Republican party was not organized upon that issue. The majority of the Democrats are perhaps revenue reformers, but reform is not the party policy. A man may be a protectionist like Mr. Randall, but he is still a Democratic leader. He may be a revenue reformer like the Republicans in the four Minnesota districts, but he is no less a Republican. In party association, tradition and character count for much. But when a question or a group of questions sweeps a man forward by his strong convictions out of a party, he does not naturally join another, but he is drawn to other men of the same sympathy from other parties, and such men together form a new party.

This is a result not to be hastened or improvised. Dissatisfaction with one party is not a reason for joining another, which may be for other reasons equally unsatisfactory. No intelligent man, of course, will expect all the men with whom he acts to be models of virtue, nor all the measures of a party to be the embodiment of celestial wisdom. But certainly he will not permit that consideration to drive him to vote for Jonathan Wild because he doesn't like Captain Kidd. A political orator recently said that independent voters think themselves to be made of finer clay than the ordinary pottery of humanity. Oh no! They merely think that common honesty and ordinary decency are not altogether impracticable in politics, and that your vote must be determined by your conscience and your common-sense. That is not a principle incompatible with identifying yourself with a party, although it will preserve your independence and self-respect in political action. Lord Hartington is a hereditary English Liberal. He was a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Gladstone, of whom he did not permit himself to say an unkind word while he opposed his return to power after he proposed his Irish policy. But Lord Hartington will hardly allow the argument, that if he would accomplish anything he must belong to a party, to force him to renew his connection with Mr. Gladstone, whom he thinks to be a dangerous leader, or to support an Irish policy which he holds to be a dissolution of the empire. He has accomplished a good deal by refusing to belong to a party in a situation where he could not identify himself with either. But Lord Hartington does not deny, probably, that great public results are to be achieved only by organization. Perhaps he would say, however, that the fact that you can cross the ocean only in a boat is not a reason for embarking in a leaky tub.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

During the recent canvass the nomination for the Governorship of several States of candidates whose only apparent qualification was money, and who certainly would never have been nominated if they had not been rich, is another illustration of the growing power of money in politics. Mr. Schurz called attention to this fact in a letter upon the Massachusetts election, and Mr. Andrew, who was nominated by the Democrats in that State, took a manly and self-respecting course by declaring immediately that he should spend no money to secure his election. His word suddenly silenced the charge so far as he was concerned, for his word is as unquestionable as his father's. The general consciousness of the danger was illustrated by the comments upon the Payne debate in the Senate last spring, and a communication of Mr. W. M. Dickson to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, in the form of a petition to the Governor of Illinois for the commutation of the sentence of the anarchists at Chicago, says plainly what is widely felt: "'Boodle' is king, dominating Legislatures, and now enthroned in the Senate."

At the late election Mr. James Wood, of Mount Kisco, in New York, was nominated by the Republicans for Congress in the Fourteenth or Westchester District. His letter of acceptance was mainly a vigorous exposition of the evil arising from the use of money in elections, and he declared plainly that he should not spend a dollar in the canvass beyond the necessary expenses for printing. In the Fishkill Assembly District Mr. J. Hervey Cook was nominated by the Democrats, and his letter of acceptance also declared that a candidate should be selected for his fitness, and should not be expected to humiliate and degrade himself by yielding to the demand for money. These were plain recognitions of the fact that elections are now often decided by money. Such corruption, of course, is no new thing. Even in Massachusetts a quarter of a century ago a Republican member of Congress said that a first election to Congress would cost the candidate the salary for his first term. It is the present extent of the evil, and the general acquiescence in it as unavoidable, which are startling. The number of fitting men who can now afford to serve the public is constantly smaller, and as it dwindles, the number of those who make a trade of politics rapidly increases.

The remedy for this peril lies finally, of course, in public opinion. A first practical step has been taken in the restriction of patronage effected by the civil service reform law. This, when duly extended, will prevent at least the use of the public money for private and personal political ends. This, however, still leaves the prostitution of private wealth to political corruption untouched. But it is possible to restrict this in a great degree by stringent laws limiting election expenses, which can be rigidly enforced when public opinion demands. The absolute extinction of such evils, as of all other crimes for which the laws provide penalties, is not to be expected. But the laws are none the less serviceable. The penalties for theft and murder are not abolished because there are still burglaries and homicides; and strict laws regulating the sale of liquor greatly reduce the evil and the enormous cost of drunkenness, although there are saloons and sots still. A sound and energetic public opinion can make it as discreditable to open a "bar'l" for political purposes as it is to drink at a public bar.

MR. HENRY GEORGE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In Harper's Weekly for the week ending October 23 there was a cartoon illustrating a remark of Mr. Henry George, as reported in the New York *Sun*, as follows: "With all its drawbacks, and horrors, and shortcomings, the great epoch of the French Revolution, now but a century gone, is about to repeat itself here." Mr. George immediately addressed the following note to the proprietors of the Weekly:

> "Gentlemen,—It is impossible for me to reply to the many misrepresentations I find in the daily press, but the high character of your Weekly prompts me to say to you that the quotation from the *Sun* of October 14, which is made the subject of a cartoon in the current issue of the Weekly, is utterly false, as you may see by reference to the reports of other papers of the same date. Were it true, your artist might with propriety have given me an ass's head. With much respect, yours truly, Henry George."

We should be very sorry to misrepresent the views or words of Mr. George or of any other man. Upon referring to the reports of other papers we find that the *Herald* of the 14th reports Mr. George as saying:

> "With all its drawbacks, with all its shortcomings, with all its horrors, the noblest epoch in modern history is the great French Revolution. And this movement that is beginning here is but the continuation of that work. 'Liberty, equality, and fraternity,' the motto of the republic of France that breathes freedom, is the platform that embodies the ideas and aspirations of this movement."

The *Times* of the 14th reports the remark as follows:

> "The noblest epoch in modern history was the great French Revolution, and this movement beginning here is but a continuation of that work."

The *Evening Post* of the 14th quotes the report of the *Sun*. The *Sun* of the 15th October reports Mr. George as saying on the evening of the 14th:

> "Some of you have heard me say that this is to be the forerunner of the coming revolution. The revolution is to be a peaceful one. This is a class movement—the uprising of the working-men, the revolt of the disinherited class claiming their share of the wealth their toil produces."

Mr. George's letter reached us too late for publication in our issue of last week, and we regret that he did not immediately and peremptorily denounce to the *Sun* the falsity of its report, although, as reported in the other papers, the remark was most unfortunate. A public speaker has great responsibilities, and nothing could be surer of perversion to the worst purposes than such remarks addressed to such audiences. They are like Governor Seymour's speech at the Academy of Music a few days before the draft riots of 1863, which the speech, however designed, certainly stimulated. Mr. George will not forget that the worst crimes of the French Revolution were committed in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity. It is true that the savagery and unspeakable atrocities of that Revolution were the reaction against horrible and hereditary oppression. They are the eternal and terrible warning against every form of tyranny, whether of organized rank, or organized capital, or organized labor. But no intelligent man, speaking to an excited multitude of less intelligent men, will appeal to the French Revolution as the noblest epoch in modern history without preventing by the most careful discrimination and explanation the disastrous effect which otherwise his words must produce upon such hearers. He may mean legality and peace. They will mean dynamite and the torch; and he is morally bound to know it, and if he takes the attitude of a teacher, to teach according to that knowledge.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

We call attention to an article under this title in another part of this paper. It is by Mr. P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and it is well worthy the most attentive reading and consideration. It takes sides neither against labor nor capital, because it does not admit any essential hostility between them, while it concedes that there is an ancient and irremediable controversy between work and idleness.

Mr. Arthur holds that when industrial differences arise they cannot be settled by fury and violence, but only by moderation and arbitration. Capital, as he truly says, cannot afford in the long-run to be oppressive and unjust, because persistence in injustice precipitates violence and injury to both sides. Mr. Arthur speaks with authority when he says that the questions of wages and hours of work—questions, we may remark, from which strikes and boycotts spring—with all other differences, have been satisfactorily settled by the Brotherhood.

But this, he thinks, would have been hardly possible had the Brotherhood permitted itself to become also a political organization. It is a labor association exclusively, and such, he thinks, every such fraternity should be. The moment politics are introduced there is an end of that harmony of feeling and action which springs from a common purpose. Mr. Arthur's paper is a timely and very valuable contribution to a discussion which can only be beneficial to every interest in the country.

A CHANGE.

One of the signal achievements of the reform movement is the utter discredit thrown upon political assessments in the civil service. They are not entirely abolished, but they are at an end as a legitimate and general campaign resource. They are forbidden by law, and the public service of the United States is so far relieved of a sore disgrace. The Commissioner of Pensions has recently replied to a letter from the pension agent at San Francisco as follows:

> "Your favor of October 15 is just before me. I quote therefrom:
>
> "'The Federal office-holders here have been assessed a fixed amount of their salaries for political purposes, and I am warned that I would consult my interests by paying what I am ordered to pay. Now I desire to do what I have always done, voluntarily pay what I can afford for the proper and necessary expenses of the party, but I dislike to be stood up and ordered to deliver an amount arbitrarily fixed, under the implied threat that my official position is at stake. The committee has come to my office with its demand, which, I think, is an act discountenanced by the civil service law. I would like your advice in the matter.'
>
> "Replying, I beg to state that your view of the situation, as expressed in the above extract from your letter, is in all ways consonant with existing law. There are no circumstances under which any assessment can be levied upon a Federal office-holder and payment thereof compelled. Your official position is not at stake in consequence of the attitude which you have assumed. If you had yielded to the demand of any self-constituted committee, and had paid an assessment, so called, your official position would have been at stake.
>
> "The money earned by a Federal official in the discharge of his duties is as entirely his as is that accumulated from any other source, and is as little subject to be drawn upon by any committee, organization, or individual save its rightful owner."

This is the strongest and most satisfactory document of the kind that we recall as proceeding from the Pension Office.

But the change of public feeling is shown almost as significantly by the tone of the following letter from the Democratic Committee of Indiana:

> "Rooms of the Democratic State Central Committee
> (the Hendricks Club Rooms),
> Corner Illinois Street and Kentucky Avenue,
> Indianapolis, Indiana, *September* 21, 1886.
>
> "Dear Sir,—I congratulate you on receiving some of the fruits of our grand victory in 1884. We are again in the midst of a hotly conducted campaign, with the same formidable and active party contesting our power and ability to hold control of the State. While you hold a Federal office it is not proper to engage in politics in an offensive way, or to the neglect of your official duties; but, in the language of President Cleveland, 'individual interest and activity in political affairs are by no means condemned. Office-holders are neither disfranchised nor forbidden the exercise of political privileges.' Your assistance and counsel, to the end that a thorough organization of the party may be accomplished, is solicited. The preferment you now enjoy is the result of the Democratic victory. Please let me hear from you, and oblige, yours truly,
>
> "Ed. Henderson, Chairman."

Nothing could be more dulcet and persuasive. It is a great advance upon the Hubbell circular. Nothing but "assistance and counsel" are solicited, and "please let me hear from you"; that is, of course, please send your advice by the next mail. To have made the direct assessment a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, and the begging letter a feeble and doubtful cry, is something for reformers to be proud of.

THE PRIMROSE PATH OF—ORATORY.

A London cable despatch says:

> "Lady Churchill opened a Primrose lodge at Bradford to-day. She delivered a piquant political oration, which was enthusiastically received."

But how about "the sphere of woman," and the vulgarity and degradation of refined and lovely ladies mixing in party politics, and the duties of wife and mother, and all the other primrose rhetoric with which the question is usually wreathed? If Lady Churchill, the wife of a duke's son, who is the second man in the British Ministry, may make piquant political orations, shall we still prattle of vulgarity, and unfeminineness, and masculine women, or must we actually admit that the daughter-in-law of a duke, and a bright figure in fashionable life, is—in fact—that is to say—a woman's rights woman?

It is not Lady Churchill's first appearance in this character. Two years ago, before the election, she drove about in a pretty wagon, her horses and herself decorated with primrose ribbons, and solicited votes for her husband. We remember that we then asked, if it were good *ton*—or good form, as the modern phrase puts it—to solicit a voter in his shop, why not several voters in a hall? She has now done it. She has opened a Primrose lodge with a piquant oration. A Primrose lodge is a Tory club. Nothing in the amusing chapters of politics is more comical than the selection of the primrose as the symbolic flower of Disraeli. It seems like a hint from *Vivian Grey*, and is as sincere as that rollicking novel.

Herr Teufelsdröckh says in *Sartor Resartus* that it is clothes which are generally held to be essential, and that the reception of everything depends largely upon its clothes. When Rachel acts, or Jenny Lind or Malibran or Sontag sings, or Lady Churchill with gay *abandon* confronts a crowd and talks Tory politics, and opens a Primrose lodge, how fascinating and natural and *comme il faut* the scene! But when it is middle age and earnest speech and spectacles and—horror of horrors!—an umbrella, how unnatural, unrefined, and unwomanly! The question of woman is plainly a question of clothes.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, Virginia, author of *Ballads of Battle and Bravery*, was asked recently, "Who most stirred the Southern people during the late war as a ballad writer, and who to-day is the leading ballad writer of the South?" He replied: "Our people were so much taken up during the war with the practical business of fighting that ballad-writing can scarcely be said to have greatly stirred them. There were some fine battle lyrics written by Henry Timrod, John R. Thompson, Randall, Flash, Ticknor, Hope, and Mrs. Preston. It is difficult to say who is the leading ballad writer of the South to-day. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston and James Barron Hope would perhaps be named first by the majority of cultured readers who do not mistake rant for fire."

—Professor Edwards A. Park, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, is now seventy-eight years old. His intellectual face attracts attention wherever seen, and he still wears the broad-brimmed high hat whose counterpart is occasionally seen on the streets of Philadelphia. To contemporaneous professors of theology he seems a bulwark of conservatism, but twenty-five years ago he was constantly compelled to defend himself against the charge of liberalism. Dr. Park is a master of a clear, incisive, and rapid style, and is one of the most stalwart logicians of the age.

—The exhibition of the Sharples portraits of the beautiful women of George Washington's administration or times has discovered a very large number of persons who claim to be their descendants, and who have visited the pictures. This feature of the exhibition has given both pleasure and surprise to Major Walter, who brought the works to this country.

—Said a New York novelist: "Let us build the Grant monument at once with the $100,000 or more already collected, and let the design be in accordance with Colonel Fred Grant's idea; that is to say, a structure somewhat like the Parthenon, or the Sub-Treasury Building in Wall Street—a mausoleum, simple, strong, massive, as was the General's character. Why wait forever for a million dollars and a splurge?"

—An artist's idea of desolation—the miners' deserted cabins in places near Pittsburgh, where old mines or oil wells have been abandoned, doors wide open, window-panes broken, rooms empty.

—Mr. Abram S. Hewitt speaks of his late father-in-law, Mr. Peter Cooper, as a pure and noble soul, whose large fortune was gained by honest industry during a lifetime prolonged to ninety-three years, and consecrated to the public good.

—Mr. Homer D. Martin, the landscape painter, is about to return to New York after a residence of five years in Normandy.

—Robson and Crane, the comedians, who began their Shakespearian interpretations with "the two Dromios," find difficulty in selecting Shakespearian plays which offer to them parts equally important. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Mr. Crane as Falstaff fills the stage, while Mr. Robson as Slender has little to do, and that little of little moment. But Mr. Crane explains that in their next Shakespearian drama their positions will be reversed, and Mr. Robson will monopolize the honors.

—The Hawaiian King has established a station for shipwrecked mariners at Cure, or Ocean Island, in the Pacific, 1200 miles west of Honolulu. This action was prompted by the wreck of the British ship *Dunnottar Castle* last July, and the hardships endured by a part of the crew, who spent fifty-two days in an open boat trying to reach Honolulu. The relief expedition which was despatched by King Kalakaua found that the men left on the island had been rescued by a passing ship. The United States man-of-war *Saginaw* was wrecked on this island more than thirty years ago, and a boat partially finished by her crew was found by these latest visitors.

—Among the notable weddings in Chicago last week was that of Miss Helen Swing, daughter of Professor David Swing, whose trial for heresy by the Presbyterian Church eight years ago created a sensation in the West, and resulted in the organization of the Central Church, of which Professor Swing is still pastor.

—The King and Queen of Corea show signs of civilization. They have discarded native doctors, who know less of medicine than the Chinese. The King is attended by Dr. N. H. Allen, a European, who is forced to appear before the monarch in a dress suit and pumps. The Queen is under the care of a female physician from Boston.

—Monsignor Capel has nearly ready for the printer two books on which he has been working for the last six months. These are, *Why I am a Catholic*, and *Observations on Catholicism in the United States*." The monsignore is still living on the Valensin ranch, near Sacramento, California.

—Mr. Wilson Barrett's first histrionic effort in this country was made at the reception given to him by the Lotos Club about two weeks ago. It was a recital of Will Carleton's well-known poem "Gone with a Handsomer Man"—one of the *Farm Ballads*—which was rendered with such effect as to move many of the audience to tears.

—Mr. Robert Grant read at the October meeting of the Papyrus Club in Boston a clever skit satirizing both the idealistic and realistic extremes in fiction, through a dialogue between representatives of the two schools, who were endeavoring to collaborate in a short love-story of the people.

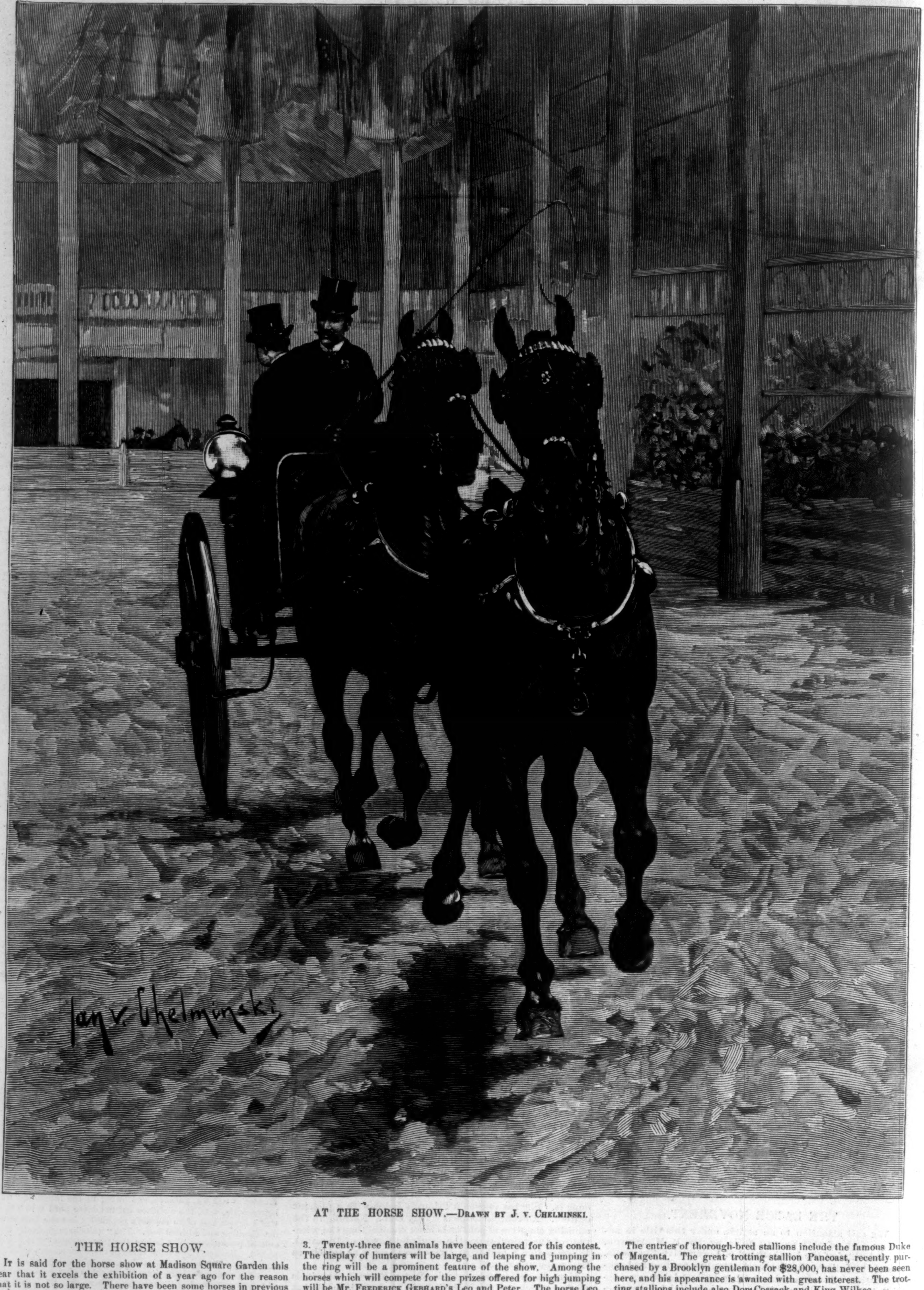
—Mr. David Neal, the painter of "Oliver Cromwell and John Milton," who has lived in Munich so long that he always says "our King," although he was born in Maine, has been painting portraits for some months in Boston, but now goes to San Francisco to execute commissions indirectly obtained for him through some of his work executed for Mrs. Mark Hopkins.

—The State of Kentucky proposes to honor itself by doing honor to the body of her distinguished sculptor Joel T. Hart. An appropriation has been made by the Legislature for suitable funeral services, in recognition of the genius of the man who modelled the statue of Henry Clay at Louisville, and who was a true artist and a true Southern.

—Mr. O'Donovan's new bronze statue of George Washington for the $30,000 Newburgh monument represents the General as being four inches longer in the trunk than ordinary mortals, and the same girth around the hips that he is beneath the armpits. The ideal Greek woman, as represented by the Venus of Milo, resembles George Washington in this matter of girth.

—Miss Clara Morris played Camille at the Union Square Theatre at a 2 P.M. matinée, and owing to the fatiguing "waits" between the acts, the audience did not leave until 6.15 P.M. It was a severe test of an actress's popularity, but she bore it without flinching and without loss. The "waits" are generally the result of producing a play before the preparations for it are completed. Managers lose more through the disappointment of their audiences than they would lose by postponing production.

—On October 23, 1836, John Wentworth, then a brawny youth of twenty-one, reached Chicago from Vermont. He is still a resident of the Western metropolis, his home having always been within two blocks of the intersection of Lake and Randolph streets. He was one of the early Mayors of Chicago, has been her Representative in Congress, and is known all over the land as "Long John Wentworth," the patronymic being invariably dropped by Chicagoans when speaking of him. The fiftieth anniversary of his arrival was to have been celebrated by a banquet, at which many prominent men were to have been present, but an attack of rheumatism from which Mr. Wentworth is suffering prevented the carrying out of the plan.



AT THE HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by J. v. Chelminski.

THE HORSE SHOW.

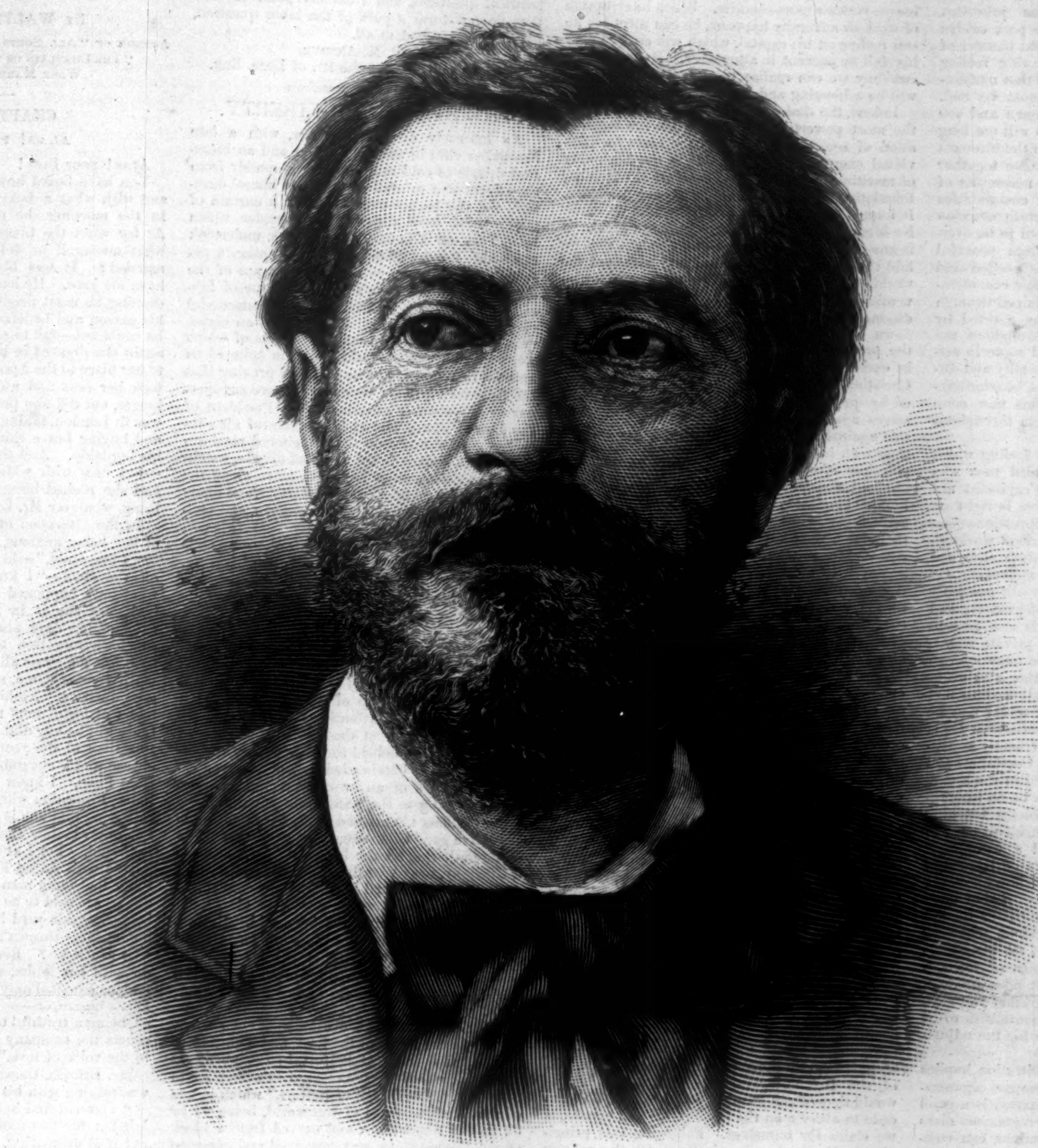
It is said for the horse show at Madison Square Garden this year that it excels the exhibition of a year ago for the reason that it is not so large. There have been some horses in previous shows that it is only fair to class as ordinary, but the managers declare that this year's exhibition is clean cut, and that the three hundred horses entered are the best to be found in America. The display of carriage-horses is called phenomenal. All the owners of fine horses and equipages in this city have been interested, and the exhibit is far superior to any that has been afforded in previous years. There will be a famous display of single high-steppers driven to dog-carts, probably on the afternoon of November 3. Twenty-three fine animals have been entered for this contest. The display of hunters will be large, and leaping and jumping in the ring will be a prominent feature of the show. Among the horses which will compete for the prizes offered for high jumping will be Mr. Frederick Gebhard's Leo and Peter. The horse Leo, just back from England, holds the record at high jumping, having cleared six feet and six inches. This class also includes Punch, the winner of last year's prize. The entries in the saddle-horse class are numerous, and include many ladies' horses and hacks.

The display of four-in-hand coaches is set down for the afternoon of November 4. Either seven or eight coaches will take part, and the exhibition should be exceptionally fine.

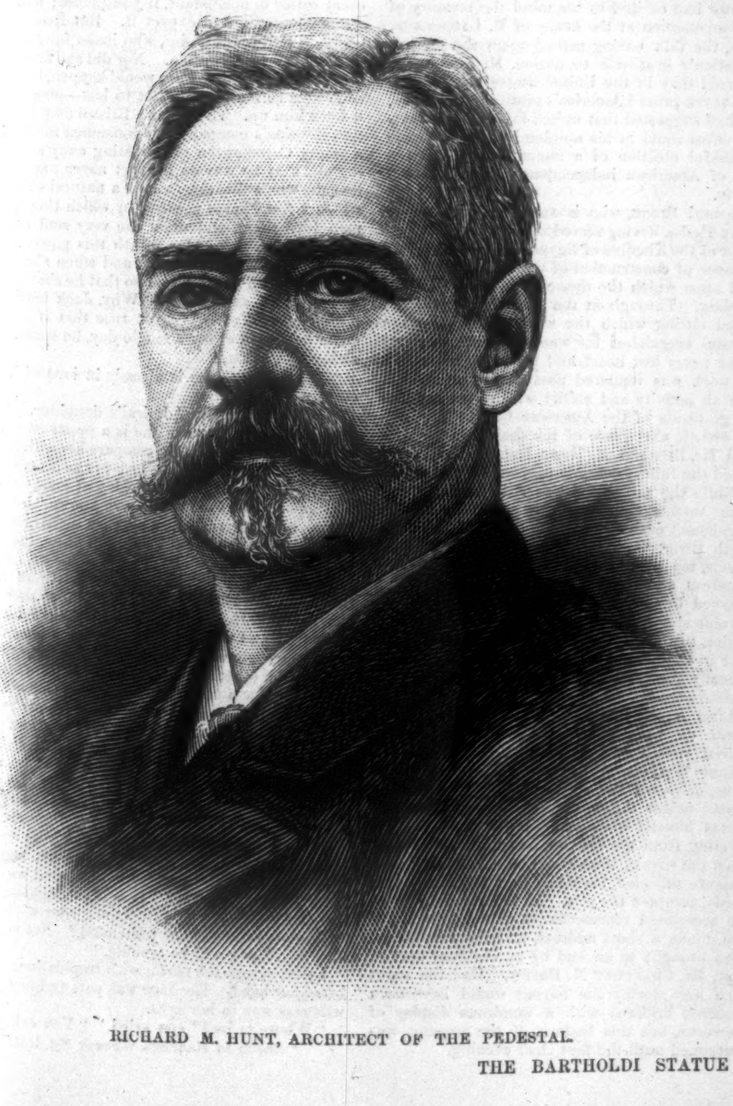
The entries of thorough-bred stallions include the famous Duke of Magenta. The great trotting stallion Pancoast, recently purchased by a Brooklyn gentleman for $28,000, has never been seen here, and his appearance is awaited with great interest. The trotting stallions include also Don Cossack and King Wilkes.

Another feature which creates considerable interest is the exhibition of the "Road-rig Class." This will be a display of turn-outs equipped for the road, and which will be judged according to the thoroughness and excellence of their appointments.

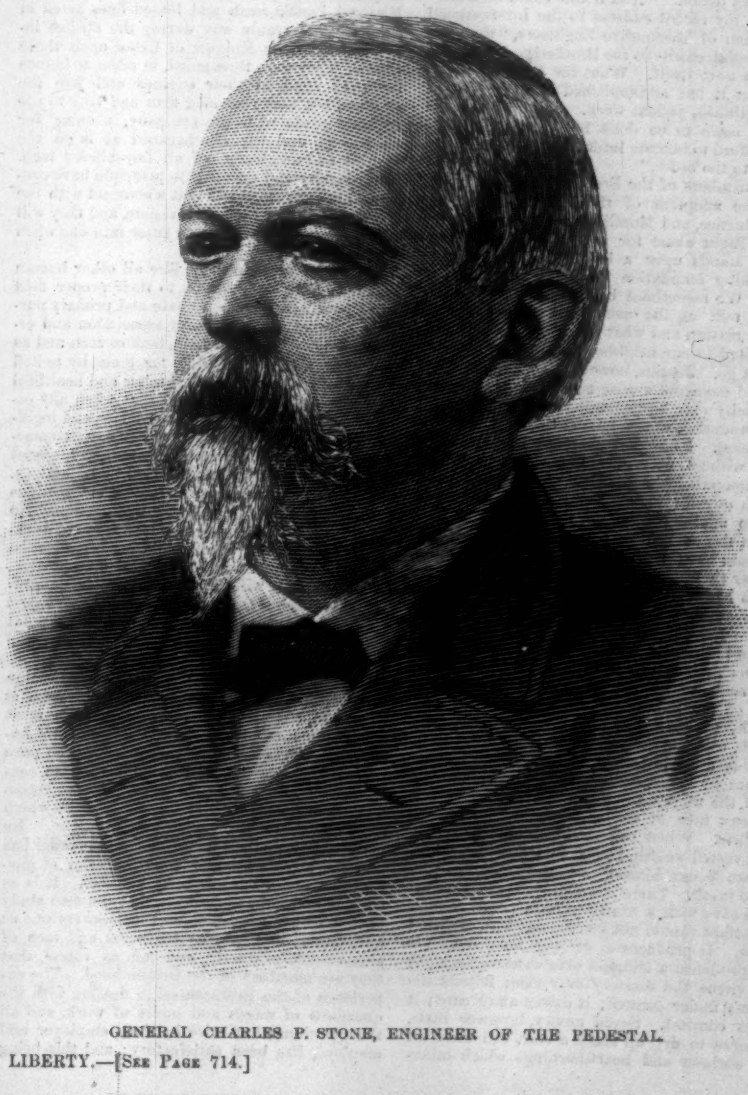
Nine tandems will be shown for the different prizes offered. In this display as in the display of the four-in-hands there will be an exhibition of fine driving. The tandem team which forms the subject of our illustration is the property of Mr. W. E. D. Stokes.



FRÉDÉRIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.



RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT OF THE PEDESTAL.



GENERAL CHARLES P. STONE, ENGINEER OF THE PEDESTAL.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

The labor agitation which has prevailed throughout the country during the past twelve months will, I believe, work out good instead of evil in the end. There is a growing feeling among working-men and capitalists that moderation, conciliation, and arbitration must be had. The good sense of American workmen and the fairness, on the whole, of employers will not long admit of differences hurtful alike to the interests of both. The two interests will come together and adjust themselves to the plain necessities of the situation. The great business communities and industrial centres cannot tolerate coercion on either side. Capital cannot afford to be overbearing, and labor cannot turn from peaceful channels without injury. What is needed and what the times require is full and fair consideration for both sides. This can be obtained through arbitration. Great wars have been averted by its agency. National instincts throughout the world favor its exercise more and more in settling difficulties between one nationality and another. So potent an agency cannot be overlooked in adjusting the labor problems now commanding wide interest and attention throughout civilized lands.

It commends itself to the good feeling which underlies the conduct of fair-minded men who may honestly differ. Neither the capitalist nor the laborer is wholly wrong. There is right on both sides. No one will justify oppressions complained of by candid and industrious working-men. The simple statement of their case will command public sympathy and approval. On the other hand, the public at large will promptly condemn the wilful destruction of property and the interruption of business. It is also prompt to disapprove of interference with private rights. As I have written before, there is room enough for every one in a country like this, and every man disposed to work must be allowed to find the chance. The working-man of to-day may be the capitalist five or ten years from now. He is interested in the considerate and friendly adjustment of all industrial questions. Capitalists and corporations are equally interested in the settlement to be hoped for. There can be no long antagonism. While the great problems touching capital and labor are under consideration, forbearance must be practised, and a willingness must be shown by the employers of labor and by working-men themselves to settle all existing troubles in a frank and manly way. Labor must have its just rights, and a fair return for its service. The whole country will insist on achieving this result. Also it will insist on the proper remuneration of capital. The sense of fairness among the people will see that all sides are dealt with equitably and justly. Moderation and arbitration are the two great instrumentalities to be used. Capital and labor are ripe for the adjustment.

But the very conception of arbitration implies organization of working-men—compact organization. That a good labor organization is a good thing I maintain, but that a heterogeneous mass of men engaged in divers occupations can combine interests satisfactorily to form an organization which shall serve all and with equal justice, I very much doubt. "And if this could be done," I said in my recent address to the International Convention of Locomotive Engineers, "time has proved satisfactorily to the Brotherhood that it is sufficient unto itself. What the Brotherhood is and what it has accomplished is the result of long-continued, patient work. Not until there is nothing more to be done for the Brotherhood can it afford to become interested in other things foreign to the order."

The members of the Brotherhood have taken, upon the adoption of their motto, "Sobriety, Truth, Justice, and Morality," a strong stand for right. Right alone for itself, and in itself considered, stands upon a broad basis, and is the only lasting foundation upon which a man can build. We sometimes boastingly allude to our rights; talk of the usurpation of our rights. Sift the matter, and what have you? Our rights are limited to our neighbor's wrong; beyond we may not go. Justice, however, steps in as mediator, and demands a wise adjustment of things, that equity may be maintained and the welfare of all promoted, whether it be that of the greatest or least. I have no sympathy for nor co-operation with any class or set of men who base their claims upon the principle that might is right, and the rich owe the poor a living. No man has a right to anything that does not come to him through the channel of honest acquirement. If you would have name, fame, or wealth, you must work for them.

Much has been said and more written concerning the antagonism between capital and labor. To my mind there is no such thing. Between work and idleness there has never been any feeling other than antagonistic, and it is those of the latter class who are attempting to poison the minds of the industrious. There seems to be generally prevalent an idea that all capitalists are rich, whereas the truth is that no great business enterprise is owned and controlled by one man, but by many, each contributing something toward the mighty whole. I will venture to say that most men of thrifty, industrial habits are capitalists. When we consider that capital is only invested wealth, I hope that every working-man can count himself a capitalist, be his pile ever so small. There is a dignity in the very effort to save with a worthy purpose, even though the attempt should not be crowned with eventual success. It produces a well-regulated mind; it gives prudence a triumph over extravagance; it gives virtue the mastery over vice; it puts the passions under control; it drives away care; it secures comfort. Saved money, however little, will serve to dry up many a tear, will ward off many sorrows and heart-burnings which otherwise might prey upon us. Possessed of a little store of capital, a man walks with a lighter step; his heart beats more cheerily. When interruption of work or adversity happens, he can meet it; he can recline on his capital, which will either break his fall or prevent it altogether. By prudential economy we can realize the dignity of man, life will be a blessing and old age an honor.

Indeed, the desire to accumulate forms one of the most powerful instruments for the regeneration of society. It provides the basis for individual energy and activity. It is the beginning of maritime and commercial enterprise. It is the foundation of industry as well as of independence. It impels men to labor, to invent, and to excel. No idle or thriftless man ever becomes great. It is among those who never lost a moment that we find the men who have moved and advanced the world by their learning, their science, or their inventions. Labor of some sort is one of the conditions of existence. The thought has come down to us from pagan times that "labor is the price which the gods have set upon all that is excellent." The thought is also worthy of Christian times. Most men have it in their power by prudent arrangements to defend themselves against adversity, and to throw up a barrier against destitution. They can do this by their own individual efforts, or by acting on the principle of co-operation, which is capable of an almost indefinite extension. People of the most humble condition, by combining their means and associating together, are enabled in many ways to defend themselves against the pressure of poverty, to promote their physical well-being, and even to advance the progress of the nation. A solitary individual may be able to do very little to advance and improve society, but when he combines with his fellows for the purpose, he can do a very great deal. Civilization itself is but the effect of combining.

Such are my views, which are the result of my experience and observation as the chief officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, concerning the necessity and the benefits of the organization of labor, concerning the right principle and the effectiveness of arbitration, and concerning the desirability of every workman becoming a capitalist by saving, for its own sake, and because it prepares the way for a more general establishment of co-operation. These are legitimate purposes and results of labor organizations. The organization over which I have the honor to preside, by observing these principles of action, has during the past year satisfactorily adjusted grievances on ten different roads. While it did not obtain all the men desired in every instance, it did, however, succeed in securing an increase of wages, and established rules for their future protection. We do not believe in asking for more than a fair and just compensation, commensurate with the services rendered. In all dealings with the railway companies and the men, the officers of the Brotherhood endeavor to be governed by the golden rule, which is the rule of the Brotherhood—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." We concede to every man the same rights and privileges we claim for ourselves. Following this principle, the Brotherhood's relations with the railway officials are of the most friendly character. The members employed upon the Texas Pacific and Missouri Pacific roads and leased lines acted in a heroic and manly way during the strikes inaugurated by the Knights of Labor upon those roads. They were threatened, in order to induce them to abandon their engines and join the strikers, but they remained firm and true to the contract made with the company, winning for themselves and the Brotherhood at large the respect and admiration of all fair-minded men. Their loyalty and devotion to principle have convinced railway managers that a contract with the Brotherhood will be kept inviolate, and they will not hesitate in the future to enter into one when circumstances require it.

But labor organizations, like all other human agencies, have a limitation to their proper field of activity. If their legitimate and primary purpose be the improvement by association and organization of their members, both as men and as workmen, and the securing for them by united action a fair return for their labor and healthful conditions of work, it follows that when any organization goes beyond these primary and legitimate purposes it becomes to that extent something more than a labor organization, and it must expect to be criticised and judged by its actions. Thus an organization which makes nominations for public offices is a political organization. No matter if it is made up only of men who are working-men, if it does what a political organization does, it thereby becomes a political organization, and as such it will be and ought to be judged. When it reaches that point it becomes a subject of discussion and criticism from a political point of view, and not as a labor organization pure and simple.

The question whether a labor organization ought to become also a political organization is one that the members of every organization must answer for themselves. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a labor organization pure and simple, and has had no inclination to convert itself into a political body. It has consequently met with none of those difficulties which have overtaken some other organizations. No man's politics enters the order, and the order has not had any dissensions about theories of government which have disturbed others. It is as citizens and not as engineers that the men study these questions and vote on them—every one as he pleases; and it is as engineers and men of trustworthy character, and not as voters, that they are members of the Brotherhood. The experience of the Brotherhood in dealing with the questions of wages and hours of work, and all the questions that arise between employer and employé, has been satisfactory; and this being so, the purely social and political questions, I think, ought to be dealt with as purely social and political questions, and from my point of view they do not form a part of the labor question, properly considered, at all.

P. M. Arthur,
Grand Chief of the Br. of Loco. Eng.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

An intensely disagreeable day, with a late November chill in the atmosphere and an incessant drizzle of cold rain, the streets muddy from the effects of a rainfall of thirty-six hours' duration, and the harbor overhung with a curtain of mist: these were the conditions under which New York on Thursday, October 28, undertook to provide for the edification of the nation a pageant commensurate with the importance of the unveiling of Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The successful carrying out in nearly all its details of an elaborate programme, the spectacular effects of which were designed for a sunshiny day, in spite of an autumn rain-storm, may be taken as proving that the American love for liberty is no mere summer-day or fair-weather affection. The President of the United States and the members of his cabinet stood for hours on an unsheltered platform at Madison Square, in the mist and drizzle, watching a procession miles in length move along the muddy streets on its way to the Battery, and along the entire line of march men, women, and children stood in compact wall.

It was a proud day for the man whose name is inseparably connected with the statue of Liberty, and whose picture, in connection with the portraits of General Charles P. Stone, the chief engineer of the pedestal, and Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the architect, is published on another page of this issue. As M. Auguste Bartholdi stood there in the presence of a sea of faces, with his shoulder touching that of Comte de Lesseps, and surrounded by a group of eminent Frenchmen who had crossed the Atlantic as accredited representatives of France at the formal dedication of the statue—as he beheld the President of this republic standing bareheaded in the rain, returning the salutes of an army of Americans who were marching to the water-front for a glimpse of the Goddess his art had created—his thoughts must have gone back twenty years to that memorable gathering at the house of M. Laboulaye at Glavigny, near Versailles, when the idea originated that culminated in this noble emblem of Liberty.

The story has many times been told. M. Bartholdi was then thirty-two years of age. He was an Alsacian sculptor of Italian parentage. That he was a patriot as well as an artist was proved by the part he took in the Franco-Prussian war, when, laying down his chisel, he took up the sword, and served with distinction as a soldier. He was in the Army of the East, and took part in the gallant defence of Belfort, in the northeast of France, which Thiers refused to surrender to Bismarck. The "Lion of Belfort," which is one of the notable colossi of the world, being 91 by 52 feet in dimensions, and carved from a block of red Vosges stone, was conceived and executed by Bartholdi in commemoration of that defence. Throughout the Franco-Prussian war the soldier-sculptor had carried in his mind the memory of the conversation at the house of M. Laboulaye, when, the talk having turned upon the subject of nation's gratitude to nation, M. Laboulaye had said that in the United States the love for Lafayette proved America's gratitude to France, and had suggested that united French and American effort could in his opinion be welded in the successful erection of a monument typical not only of American independence, but of human liberty.

General Stone, who is sometimes known as Stone Pasha, having served with distinction as an officer of the Khedive of Egypt, has been the chief engineer of construction of the magnificent pedestal upon which the figure of Liberty is to-day standing. Throughout the long and despondent period during which the work of building the pedestal languished for want of funds, General Stone never lost heart, and when the revival of the work was rendered possible, he resumed it with an activity and ability which won for him the gratitude of the American Committee. For the artistic excellence of the design of the pedestal Mr. Richard M. Hunt has long since received the fullest possible measure of praise.

While the procession was still passing down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to the Battery, a magnificent naval parade was taking place in the North River. A fleet of nearly three hundred vessels, led by the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron and several French men-of-war, and followed by gayly decked vessels of every conceivable shape and size, steamed in a grand procession to the vicinity of Bedlow's Island, where later in the afternoon President Cleveland and as many guests as the island could well accommodate were landed.

After a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, the Comte de Lesseps was introduced, and made a brief speech on the part of France, and then Senator William M. Evarts, in an extended address, delivered the statue to the people of the United States through the President. M. Bartholdi himself with trembling hand pulled the covering from the face of the great statue, and when the roar of the answering cannons had in a measure subsided, President Cleveland, in a few words, accepted the gift. M. W. A. Lefaivre, as the accredited representative of the French nation, made a short address, and the ceremonies were brought to an end by an eloquent oration from Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Had the night been less stormy the harbor would have been rendered brilliant with a wondrous display of fireworks, but this feature of the pageant was postponed until the first clear evening.

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALAS! POOR BESS!

Alas! poor Bess!

You have heard how she spent the first day, and with what a heavy heart she went to bed. In the morning she plucked up heart a little. As for what the Lieutenant said to her father, what matter if he did say that she was already married? It was his joke—Jack would ever have his joke. He had been busy all day. The evening he must needs spend with the Admiral, his patron and benefactor. But he would not—he could not—fail to see her the second day. So again she dressed in her best, and repaired early to her place in the Apothecary's parlor, where she took her seat and waited. But she laughed no longer, nor did she prattle. Jack came not; he was in London, taking a lodging in Ryder Street, and buying brave things in which to wait upon his Lordship. And the third day she went again—but now with white cheeks and heavy eyes, and she rocked herself to and fro, replying nothing, whatever Mr. Brinjes might say to her.

In the afternoon of that day I went in search of her, being anxious, and dreading mischief.

"I know not," said Mr. Westmoreland, getting off the stool—"I know not, indeed, Mr. Luke, what hath happened to the girl, nor where she is, unless she is in Mr. Brinjes's parlor, where most of her days are spent. These three days she hath forgotten to give me any meals, and hath left me alone all day; while in the evening, when I come home, she either sits mum or she goes upstairs. Nothing disturbs the mind in the midst of logarithms more than a doubt whether there will be any dinner to eat or any supper. At this time of the year I commonly look for soft cheese and a cucumber. But now I have to get what I can. I know not what ails her. If I did know, I question whether I could find any remedy, seeing that she is so headstrong. Sometimes I doubt whether there is some love trouble on her mind. Yet I know not with whom. It cannot be with Aaron Fletcher, because she has refused the young man several times. Besides, his affairs are said to be wellnigh desperate, his boat being lost, his yard burned down, his boat-building business thrown away; yet if it is not Aaron, who can it be? Because, sir, though my daughter hath her faults, and those many, being as to temper equalled only by her mother, now in Abraham's bosom, or—or perhaps elsewhere," he added, being a truthful man, "yet she is not one who courts the company of men, nor listens willingly to the voice of love."

Mr. Brinjes, though it was in the afternoon, was talking with his assistant in his shop.

"You will find her," he said, "within. I have left her for five minutes, for it teases me to see her thus despairing. The worst has yet to come, because she is not a girl to sit down peaceably under this contempt. Well, for that matter, every sailor is inconstant, if you please; and the women know it and expect it. But Bess is no common Poll o' the Point, who looks for nothing else than to be forgotten. Nor did she first seek him out. Yet I knew what would happen, because such love as his was too hot to last—else would it burn him up. There was a Bristol man in Captain Roberts's company was consumed for love of a young Coromantyn girl, wasting away and crying out that he was on fire, yet never happy unless she was at his side. It is a natural witchery which a few women possess, by which they make men love them, and draw the very soul out of the man they love. Bess hath this power: she can make any man love her, and when she loves a man she can bewitch him so that he shall never be happy but at her feet. Why, Jack hath forgotten her. Yet it is most true that if he but come back to her for a single day, he would fall at her feet again."

"Nay," I said, "he is already in love with another woman."

"Miss Castilla, the Admiral's daughter. It is a passing fancy, because she is a pretty creature, small and slender. But to compare her with Bess!—to think that a man can love her as he can love Bess! There! you know nothing of love. Go in there, and I will follow. I have known," he continued, being garrulous, as old men often are—"I have known such cases as this of Bess, the jealous woman who hath been forgotten—ay, I have known them by the hundred. Sometimes they take it with a sudden rage; sometimes they cry out for a knife, and would kill their faithless lover first and themselves next; sometimes they throw themselves into the water; sometimes they murder the other woman; sometimes they laugh, and lay by for a chance of revenge. One woman I knew who concealed her wrath for twenty years, but revenged herself in the end. Sometimes they make up their minds that it matters little. This case is peculiar; for the patient is not in a rage—as yet; nor has she called for a knife—as yet; nor has she promised to hang herself—as yet; but she sits and waits; and all the time the humors are mounting to the brain; so that we are only at the beginning of the disorder, and my forecast as to this disease is, my lad, that we shall have trouble. What? Is a fine high-spirited girl to be shoved aside into the gutter without a word said, or any cause pretended? Not so, sir; not so. There will be trouble."

I passed into the parlor with trepidation. Bess lifted her head. Her face was pale and haggard; wildness was in her eyes.

"Where is he?" she cried. "You call yourself my friend, yet you come without him. Where is he?"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

"I do not know, Bess, where he is, unless that he is somewhere in London."

"I believe it is you who have kept him from me—yet you call yourself my friend. You have set him against me. Though what you have found to say I know not. I have not so much as looked at another man since he went away, and I have kept his secret for him, so that no one suspects. How dare you put yourself between my sweetheart and me?"

"Indeed, Bess," I told her, "I have said nothing against you. I have not put myself between Jack and you. I have said nothing."

Then she began to rail at me for my silence. Why had I not spoken of her? Why had I not reminded him of his faith and promised constancy? "And where is he," she repeated, "that he does not come to me? Is he afraid of me? Doth he try to hide himself out of my way?"

I told her that he was in lodgings in town, and that his time was taken up with his affairs. And then, because she began to upbraid me again, I thought it was better to tell her the truth, and therefore said plainly that the Lieutenant loved her no longer; that he had indeed given me to understand, without the possibility of a mistake, that the past was clean forgotten and gone out of his mind.

I was sorry—truly I was sorry—for the poor creature; for every word I said was nothing less than a dagger into her heart. A man must have been as hard-hearted as a Romish inquisitor not to have felt sorry for her. She heard me with parted lips and panting breath. Is there, I wonder, a more dreadful task than to be the messenger to tell a fond woman that the man she loves now loathes her?

Seeing that she received my information with no more outward symptom of wrath, I began to point out, to the best of my ability, that Lieutenant Easterbrook, when he fell in love with her, was still less than twenty years of age, who had been for six years separated from his countrywomen, and had forgotten what an English woman should be; that he might have fallen in love with one of his own rank but for his long wanderings among savages and his imprisonment with common sailors, which had left him rough and rude in manners; that things were now quite changed, because he was not only an officer of some rank, but was now a gallant gentleman, keeping company of the best, and might, if he desired, marry an heiress; that his long silence ought to have prepared her for the change in his disposition; and that, seeing nobody except Mr. Brinjes and myself knew of what had happened, a wise and prudent girl would show her pride and take her revenge by showing that she cared nothing for his neglect. In fact, I said on this occasion all that was proper to be said. Mr. Brinjes sat silent in his chair, but kept his eye upon Bess, as if expecting that something would happen.

Then, long before I had finished all I had to say, Bess suddenly sprang to her feet with a cry, and burst forth into wild and ungoverned wrath. I have seen fishwives fighting at Billingsgate, a ring of men and women round them, and a truly dreadful thing it is to see women stripped for battle and using their fists like men; never before, or since, have I seen a young and beautiful girl thus give way to passion uncontrolled. At first she could find no words to express her wrath; she clutched at her heart; she tore down her hair; she gasped for breath; she swung her arms abroad; she swayed her body backward and forward. I looked to see Mr. Brinjes go seek his lancet, and give her relief by breathing a vein. But he did not. He sat looking on coldly and anxiously, as if he was watching the progress of a fever. Presently she found words.

I will not write down what she said, because, as regards myself and Mr. Brinjes, her reproaches were wholly undeserved, and indeed we had been throughout her best friends. Besides, the ravings of a *femina furens*, or woman mad with jealousy and disappointed love, ought not to be set down any more than those of a man in delirium. When she came to speak of her faithless lover she choked, and presently stopped and was silent. But, poor soul! all the while she looked from one to the other of us as if to find hope in our faces, but saw none. Finally she shrieked aloud, as if she could no longer bear this agony, and hurled herself headlong upon the floor, and so lay, her head upon her hands, her whole body convulsed.

"Let be, let be," said Mr. Brinjes; "after this she will be better. The storm was bound to burst. Better that it should rage in this room than that she should go to a certain house we know of"—he jerked his finger in the direction of the Admiral's. "Say nothing to her; if you speak you will make her worse. Presently she will come round. What? Nature can go no farther, unless she would wear herself to pieces. And they never go so far as that, whatever their wrath, because the pain of the body becomes intolerable."

He spoke as if she could not hear or was insensible, which I take to have been the case, for in five minutes or so she sat up, taking no notice of what had been said, and became partly rational, and said, calmly, sitting on the floor, that she should go away and kill Jack first, and herself afterward; and she declared that if he dared to address any other woman, she would tear her limb from limb; so that I trembled for Castilla. But Mr. Brinjes looked on without surprise or terror, murmuring: "Let be, let be; it will do her good. And I have seen them worse."

And indeed presently she arose from the ground and tied up her beautiful hair, which had fallen about her shoulders, and smoothed her disordered frock, and sat down again in the window-seat, clasping her knees with her hands, moaning and weeping, and rocking herself to and fro. And at this symptom of progress or development of the "case," the Apothecary nodded and winked at me, as much as to say that the disease was taking a favorable turn.

He knew the symptoms, this learned physician, who had studied woman's nature where it is the most ungovernable and the most exposed to observation, among the negresses, and, I suppose, applied to more civilized women the rules he had learned among these artless pagans; for in fact she speedily ceased either to weep or to moan, but sat upright, drew a long breath, and spoke quite gently and prettily, like a little child who has been naughty, and now promises to be good again.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I have given so much trouble; I will never do it again. Mr. Brinjes, you have not had your nap, nor your afternoon punch, through my fault. I will mix you a glass, and then you shall go to sleep." She did so, and arranged his pillows for him, and in a few minutes afterward the old man was sound asleep. Then Bess turned to me. "Forgive me, Luke," she said, giving me her hand. "You are my best friend; except this poor old man, you are my only friend. You have never been weary of teaching me how a gentlewoman should behave, so that I should be worthy of a gentleman: and now it has ended in this. He has forgotten me, who have never forgotten him—no, not for a moment, since the day when first he told me—oh, the happy day! He came into the room where I was sitting before the fire, and took me in his arms—oh, in his arms! Could I ever forget him? No, no; not for a moment."

"My poor Bess!" I said, "what can I say—what do—for you in this dreadful trouble?"

The tears stood in her eyes, but she wept no longer.

"I know," she said, after a while, "what I will do. Here is his letter to me." She drew it from her bosom. It went to my heart to see the prettily worked silken bag she had made for it with her own hands. "First, you shall take it to him, Luke, and give it to him yourself. Will you do so much for me? It is not a great thing to ask you, is it? Give it to him, and tell him that he must read it, and then bring it back to me. And, Luke, dear Luke, you have always been kind to me, always my friend, though you know nothing about love, do you? Else you would understand that a woman would rather die than lose her lover. Give him the letter. When he reads it he will remember, and then—then, Luke— You will tell him—oh! tell him"—she laid her hands upon my arm, and gazed upon me with imploring eyes—"tell him, dear friend, that I am more beautiful than ever—Mr. Brinjes says I am—and that I have tried to teach myself the ways of a gentlewoman for his sake; and that I can read and write a little, so that he shall not be ashamed of me; and that I associate no more with the other girls, and have been true to him ever since he went away. Tell him all, Luke, and everything else that you can think of that is kind and friendly, and that will make him want to see me again. Oh, if he were here in this room with me for one hour, he would love me again!"

"I will take the letter, Bess," I told her, moved to tears; "and I will give it to him myself, and tell him all that you wish, and more—more, my poor Bess!"

"When will you give it to him?"

"To-morrow. Will that do?"

So with that promise she appeared to be more contented, and went away, though with hanging head—the poor, fond, loving girl!

"You may give the Lieutenant that letter," said the Apothecary, "and you may tell him what you please. But, if I know Jack Easterbrook, you might as well try to knock him down with a feather. As for making her his wife, it is out of the question; and to become his mistress without being his wife, Bess would not consent, nor, I think, would Jack ask her. Because, d'ye see, he no longer cares a rope's yarn about her. Yet if he would come here for a single hour— Bess knows her power: trust a woman who has that power. But I think he will not come. And so there will be trouble—I know not yet of what kind: there will be trouble."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN AMBASSADOR OF LOVE.

I READILY accepted the mission; but, like many other ambassadors, I hesitated when the time came to discharge my trust. For Jack was like those Oriental bashaws who cut off the heads of messengers that bring uncomfortable tidings. First I thought it would be best to give the letter to him at Deptford, so that, if he was moved by pity or by love, he might go straight to the poor girl and offer her consolation. But I had promised to give it the very next day. Therefore I plucked up courage and made my way to his lodgings, the letter in my pocket, knowing full well that he would take my interference ill, being too masterful to brook counsel, advice, or admonition from any one, unless it came as an order from a superior officer.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I reached his lodging in Ryder Street. He was sitting wrapped in a sheet, while the barber was finishing his hair with the powder puff. On the table stood his morning chocolate and cream.

"Ho!" he cried. "Here is the Prince of Painters. Art come to paint me a portrait, Luke?" (N.B.—I did paint his portrait, and have it still, a speaking likeness, and a better piece of work I never did.) "Wait a moment, my hearty, till this lubber hath finished the top-dressing."

Presently the man finished, and removed the sheet, showing beneath it a full-dress Lieutenant's uniform—to my mind the blue of the Navy is far more becoming to a handsome man than the scarlet of the Army. Just as he rose from the barber's hands, the man still standing before him, the implements of the trade in his hand, and I beside him, I heard a rustling of petticoats outside, and the door was opened by a lady. She was wrapped from head to foot in a hood, and wore a domino.

"Madam!" said Jack, bowing low.

The lady removed her domino and laughed, and threw off her hood. Truly a most beautiful creature she was, and most richly dressed. 'Twas the merriest, most roguish face that one ever saw, with dancing eyes and laughing lips. I ought to have known the face, because I had seen it several times; but I did not, because an actress dressed for a Queen or a Sultana seems to change her face as well as her frock. She was, indeed, an actress—very well known indeed to the world, as you would acknowledge did I write down her name, which I shall not do, for many reasons.

"I have found my hero, then," said the lady, "in his own—cabin—or is it on his own quarter-deck? Are the decks cleared for action? Are you ready, sir, to engage the enemy?"

"Alas, madam," said Jack, "I haul down my colors and give up my sword."

He fell upon one knee, and kissed the hand which the lady graciously extended to him. Now observe that she took no kind of notice of the barber or of myself, whom she mistook, doubtless, for an assistant, or some other kind of tradesman. I mean that in what followed my presence was not the slightest restraint upon her.

"I am a rash creature," she said, "to imperil my reputation by visiting a Lieutenant of the King's Navy alone in the morning. Suppose I had been observed?"

"Madam"—Jack made her so fine a bow that I could not help thinking of the Jack who had come home in rags three years before—"could I desire a more delightful task than the defence of your reputation?"

"This is a very fine coat, Jack," she went on, laying her hand, covered with a white glove, upon his sleeve. "I love the color. 'Tis a new coat too, so that 'twill be a pity to buy another. Perhaps, however, this may be made to do, and methinks it will be greatly improved if we put a little lace upon the lapels and cuffs, and change the button for one with a crown instead of an anchor."

"Madam!" He started and changed countenance, because these additions mark the rank of Captain. "Madam! Is it possible?"

"Why, Jack, when a handsome lad does a woman so great a service, and for all his reward wants nothing but to be sent away from her sight, I doubt whether she is not a fool for her pains if she help him—yet—" here she sighed. "His Majesty's frigate *Calypso*, the *Sapphire's* prize, is to be refitted without delay and commissioned. Go, take possession of your own quarter-deck, Captain Easterbrook. Perhaps the next lady whose jewels you save from robbers may make you an Admiral." With this she courtesied so as to sweep the ground, as they are wont to do upon the stage.

"Oh, madam!" he cried, "how can I show my gratitude?"

"You will not set sail for a week or two yet, I suppose. Come to see me as often as you please. To my brave defender I am always at home."

She held out her hand, but Jack did not, as I expected, stoop to kiss it. On the contrary, he disregarded it altogether, and caught her in his arms, kissing her lips and cheeks. I looked to see her resent this familiarity with the greatest show of displeasure, for here was no simple girl of the lower sort, like poor Bess, but a very grand lady indeed, who, for all she was an actress, had all the noblemen of London at her feet. But, to my astonishment, she only laughed, and gently pushed him from her.

"Jack," she said, "thou hast truly a conquering way. Let me go, sir!"

She laughed again, in her merry, saucy way; put on her domino, pulled the hood over her head, and suffered Jack to conduct her to her chair, which waited without.

"Hang it, Luke!" cried Jack, when he came back. "I forgot that thou wast here; and I dare swear madam never saw thee. Must I never kiss a pretty woman but this virtuous fellow must still be looking on, with open mouth?"

"Shall I tell Castilla, Jack?"—thinking of what might have happened had Bess been there.

"Why, in a kiss there is no harm, surely; therefore there is no need to tell Castilla. If this news be true—and it must be true— Luke, thou art a Puritan. As for a simple kiss which is snatched, they like it, man. Every woman, except Castilla, who is a miracle of goodness, likes such kisses."

"Who is the lady, Jack?"

"Why, she is a great actress; and the other night, by a lucky chance—I was going home at midnight—I heard a woman's scream and a trampling of feet. 'Twas but an attack upon a lady's chair by footpads, whom it was nothing to drive off without more trouble than to draw and to slash one of them across the face. Then I saw her safe to her lodgings. 'Tis a grateful creature."

"Put out of your mind," I said, "Castilla and this actress and all women, except one. I have been asked by one whom you should remember to bring to you a certain letter, and to beg, first, that you will read it, and next, that you will, with your own hand, restore it to the owner."

With this I took the letter from my pocket and gave it to him in its silk bag.

"Why," he said, breaking into a laugh, as if the matter was not serious at all, "this is my own letter. I wrote it, I remember, one afternoon, off Cape Finisterre—I remember the day very well. Did the girl—Bess Westmoreland was her name—give it to thee, Luke? Oh! I remember—I was in love with her. A devilish fine girl she was, with eyes like sloes."

He read the letter through. "To think that I wrote that letter, and that she believed it! 'Most beautiful woman in the world'....'Fondest lover!' Oho! I wonder how many such letters are written aboard ship the first week after sailing? As for this—why, Luke, you had better give it back to the girl, if she wishes to keep it. Tell her to show it to her friends as the work of a fool. Perhaps her new lover or her husband might like to have the letter. But, indeed, I think she had better burn the thing, in case of accidents. Husbands do not like generally to read such letters."

"She has had no other lovers, Jack, on your account."

"Pretty fool! Bid her waste good time no longer."

"She will suffer no man to speak to her, saying that she belongs to you alone, and thinking you would come home to marry her."

"I suppose," said Jack, his face darkening, "that the meddlesome old Apothecary is at the bottom of this foolishness."

"Do not blame Mr. Brinjes. He hath warned her continually that sailors go away and break their promises. But will you see her, Jack?"

"No. What the devil would be the use of my seeing her?"

I told him how she had put on her best, and had gone to wait for him at the Apothecary's, and there waited for three long days. But he was not softened a whit.

"It is their foolish way," he said. "We say fond things, and promise whatever will please them, and they believe it all. Why they believe the nonsense, the Lord knows. As for the men who say it, and make the promises, they believe it too, I dare say, at the time. 'Tis pretty, too, to see them purr and coo, whatever extravagances you tell them. I remember, now—" But here he stopped short in his recollections.

"Jack," I said, "will you pull up your sleeve, and show me your arm?"

He laughed, and obeyed. It was his left arm, and, as we know, it was tattooed all over with the once-loved name of Bess.

"'Tis like the arm of any fo'k'sle tar," he said. "What was I, in those days, better? Yet, lad, the name hath no longer any meaning to my eyes."

"Meaning or not," I insisted, "will you give her the letter with your own hand? Jack, only let her tell you what is in her mind. That is a small thing to do."

"It would be more cruel than to refuse to see her at all. Trust me, if this girl gives trouble, I shall know how to deal with her. If you have any regard for her, bid her spoil her market no longer, and put maggots out of her head. She would marry me, would she? Kind soul, I thank her for it with all my heart. She would marry me, would she? I will tell thee a thing, my lad, which thou wilt never find out for thyself with all thy paint-brushes—there is no woman in the world more hateful to a man than a woman whom he hath once loved and now loves no longer. It is like coming back to a half-finished banquet when the dishes are cold and the wine is stale. Yet the foolish women believe that once in love, always in love. Better she should learn the truth at once, and so an end."

He gave me back the letter, and would say no more upon the subject. But he said I must make a picture of him before he went away, and he would be painted in the new uniform, which he would order immediately; and I must go instantly and tell Castilla of his good fortune. Thus was I made a go-between, first to one and then to the other.

While he was talking of his promotion, and the things he hoped to do with his vessel, there drove to the house a chariot, with footmen, and gold panels, very splendid, and two gentlemen got down. They came to visit Jack. One of them was a man no longer young, yet erect and tall, with aquiline nose, and proud eyes. He wore a satin coat, with a sash, and a star blazing with diamonds. The other was in the uniform of the Army.

Jack sprang to his feet, and bowed to the ground. "My Lord," he said, "this is an extraordinary honor. Indeed, I could never have expected it."

"I have come, young gentleman," said his Lordship, speaking slowly and with the dignity which became his rank, "to tender you my thanks for the service which you performed the night before last to a certain lady."

"My services, my Lord, were trifling, though, fortunately, opportune."

"Had it not been for your assistance the lady would have lost the jewels which she had worn at the theatre. What other loss or insult she escaped, I know not. I learn that, at her request, you have already paid a visit upon her."

"At her request, my Lord, I had the honor, yesterday afternoon."

"Believe me, sir, that in return for such a service there is nothing that I can refuse you." Jack bowed again very low. "And since nothing will please you so much as to go back as quickly as possible to the fighting—"

"Nothing so much, my Lord."

"Then you must go. Your name, I find, is already favorably known. I have therefore the pleasure of promoting for the sake of merit alone, which is not always possible for a Commissioner. You are promoted, sir, to the command of the *Calypso*, the *Sapphire's* prize."

"My Lord," said Jack, again bowing low, "I have no words, indeed, to express my gratitude for this great, this unexpected, and undeserved favor." Looking on from the corner of the room, beside the window, I confess I could not help thinking that it would be best for madam to say nothing about that salute upon her lips.

"Then," said his Lordship, "no more need be said." He rose, and added, smiling: "Since you will have to go back in a few days to salt junk and pea soup, Captain, make the most of your time ashore. There will be a supper after the play this evening. I will, if you please to honor me with your company, carry you thither in my coach."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY—THE ILLUMINATION OF NEW

W YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 714.]

SHE:[*]

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

X.

SPECULATIONS.

Within an hour of our finally deciding to start, five litters were brought up to the door of the cave, each accompanied by four regular bearers and two spare hands, also a band of about fifty armed Amahagger, who were to form the escort and carry the baggage. Three of these litters, of course, were for us, and one for Billali, who, I was immensely relieved to hear, was to be our companion, while the fifth I presumed was for the use of Ustane.

"Does the lady go with us, my father?" I asked of Billali, as he stood superintending things generally.

He shrugged his shoulders as he answered: "If she wills. In this country the women do what they please. We worship them, and give them their way, because without them the world could not go on; they are the source of life."

"Ah," I said, the matter never having struck me in that light before.

"We worship them," he went on, "up to a certain point, till at last they get unbearable, which," he added, "they do about every second generation."

"And then what do you do?" I asked, with curiosity.

"Then," he answered, with a faint smile, "we rise, and kill the old ones as an example to the young ones, and to show them that we are the strongest. My poor wife was killed in that way three years ago. It was very sad, but to tell thee the truth, my son, life has been happier since, for my age protects me from the young ones."

"In short," I replied, quoting the saying of a great man whose wisdom has not yet lightened the darkness of the Amahagger, "thou hast found thy position one of greater freedom and less responsibility."

This phrase puzzled him a little at first from its vagueness, though I think my translation hit off its sense very well, but at last he saw it, and appreciated it.

"Yes, yes, my Baboon," he said, "I see it now; but all the 'responsibilities' are killed, at least most of them are, and that is why there are so few old women about just now. Well, they brought it on themselves. As for this girl," he went on, in a graver tone, "I know not what to say. She is a brave girl, and she loves the Lion [Leo]: thou sawest how she clung to him, and saved his life. Also, she is, according to our custom, wed to him, and she has a right to go where he goes, unless," he added, significantly, "*She* should say her no, for her word overrides all rights."

"And if *She* bade her leave him, and the girl refused? What then?"

"If," he said, with a shrug, "the hurricane bids the tree to bend, and it will not, what happens?"

And then, without waiting for an answer, he turned and walked to his litter, and in ten minutes from that time we were all well under way.

It took us an hour and more to cross the cup of the volcanic plain, and another half-hour or so to climb the edge on the further side. Once there, however, the view was a very fine one. Before us was a long steep slope of grassy plain, broken here and there by clumps of trees mostly of the thorn tribe. At the bottom of the gentle slope, some nine or ten miles away, we could make out a dim sea of marsh, on which the foul vapors hung like smoke about a city. It was easy going for the bearers down the slopes, and by mid-day we had reached the borders of the dismal swamp. Here we halted to eat our mid-day meal, and then, following a winding and devious path, plunged into the morass. Presently the path, at any rate to our unaccustomed eye, seemed to grow so faint as to be almost indistinguishable from those made by the aquatic beasts and birds, and it is to this day a mystery to me how our bearers found their way across the marshes. Ahead of the cavalcade marched two men with long poles, which they now and again plunged into the ground before them, the reason being that the nature of the soil frequently changed from causes with which I am not acquainted, so that places that would be safe enough to cross one month would certainly swallow the wayfarer the next. Never did I see a more dreary and depressing scene. Miles on miles of quagmire, varied only by bright green strips of comparatively solid ground, and by deep and sunken pools fringed with tall rushes, in which the bitterns boomed and the frogs croaked incessantly: miles on miles of it without a break, unless the fever fog can be called a break. The only life in this great morass was that of the aquatic birds, and the animals that fed on them, of both of which there were vast numbers. Geese, cranes, ducks, teal, coot, snipe, and plover swarmed all around us, many being of varieties that were quite new to me, and all so tame that one could almost have knocked them over with a stick. Among these birds I especially noticed a very beautiful variety of painted snipe, almost the size of woodcock, and with a flight more resembling that bird's than an English snipe's. In the pools, too, was a species of small alligator or enormous iguana, I do not know which, that fed, Billali told me, upon the water-fowl, also large quantities of a hideous black water-snake, of which the bite is very dangerous, though not, I gathered, so deadly as a cobra's or a puff-adder's. The bull-frogs were also very large, and with voices proportionate to their size; and as for the mosquitoes, they were, if possible, even worse than they had been on the river, and tormented us greatly. Undoubtedly, however, the worst feature of the swamp was the awful smell of rotting vegetation that hung about it, that was at times positively overpowering, and the malarious exhalations that accompanied it, which we were, of course, obliged to breathe.

On we went through it all, till at last the sun sank in sullen splendor just as we reached a spot of rising ground about two acres in extent—a little oasis of dry land in the midst of the miry wilderness—where Billali announced that we were to camp. The camping, however, turned out to be a very simple process, and consisted, in fact, in sitting down on the ground round a scanty fire made of dry reeds and some wood that had been brought with us. However, we made the best we could of it, and smoked and ate with such appetite as the smell of damp, stifling heat would allow, for it was very hot on this low land, and yet, oddly enough, chilly at times. But however hot it was, we were glad enough to keep near the fire, because we found that the mosquitoes did not like the smoke. Presently we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and tried to go to sleep, but so far as I was concerned the bull-frogs, and the extraordinary roaring and alarming sound produced by hundreds of snipe hovering high in the air, made sleep an impossibility, to say nothing of our other discomforts. I turned and looked at Leo, who was next me; he was dozing, but his face had a flushed appearance that I did not like, and by the flickering fire-light I saw Ustane, who was lying on the other side of him, raise herself from time to time upon her elbow and look at him anxiously enough.

However, I could do nothing for him, for we had all already taken a good dose of quinine, which was the only preventive we had; so I lay and watched the stars come out by thousands, till all the immense arch of heaven was sown with glittering points, and every point a world. Here was a glorious sight, by which man might well measure his own insignificance! Soon I gave up thinking about it, for the mind wearies easily when it strives to grapple with the Infinite, or to trace the footsteps of the Almighty as he strides from sphere to sphere, or deduce His purpose from His works.

Above me, as I lay, shone the eternal stars, and there at my feet the impish marsh-born balls of fire rolled this way and that, vapor-tossed and earth-desiring, and methought that in the two I saw a type and image of what man is, and what perchance man may one day be, if the living Force that ordained him and them should so ordain this also. Oh, that it might be ours to rest year by year upon that high level of the heart to which at times we momentarily attain! Oh, that we could shake loose the prisoned pinions of the soul and soar to that superior point whence, like to some traveller looking out through space from Darien's giddiest peak, we might gaze with the spirit eyes of noble thoughts deep into Infinity!

What would it be to cast off this earthy robe, to have done forever with these earthy thoughts and miserable desires; no longer, like those corpse-candles, to be tossed this way and that by forces beyond our control, or, if we can theoretically control them, are yet driven by the exigencies of our nature to obey! Yes, to cast them off, to have done with the foul and thorny places of the world, and, like to those glittering points above me, to sit on high wrapped forever in the brightness of our better selves, that even now shines in us as fire faintly shines within those lurid balls, and lay down our littleness in that wide glory of our dreams, that invisible but surrounding good, from which all truth and beauty comes!

These and many such thoughts passed through my mind that night. They come to torment us all at times. I say to torment, for, alas, thinking can only serve to measure out the helplessness of thought. What is the use of our feeble crying in the awful silences of space? Can our dim intelligence read the secrets of that star-strewn sky? Does any answer come out of it? Never any at all; nothing but echoes and fantastic visions. And yet we believe that there is an answer, and that upon a time a new Dawn will come blushing down the ways of our enduring night. We believe it, for its reflected beauty even now shines up continually in our hearts from beneath the horizon of the grave, and we call it Hope. Without Hope we should suffer moral death, and by the help of Hope we yet may climb to Heaven, or at the worst, if she also prove but a kindly mockery given to hold us from despair, be gently lowered into the abysses of eternal sleep.

Then I fell to reflecting upon the undertaking on which we were bent, and what a wild one it was, and yet how strangely the story seemed to fit in with what had been written centuries ago upon the sherd. Who was this extraordinary woman, Queen over a people apparently as extraordinary as herself, and reigning amidst the vestiges of a lost civilization? And what could be the meaning of this story of the Fire that gave unending life? Could it be possible that any fluid or essence could exist that could so fortify these fleshly walls that they should from age to age resist the mines and batterings of decay? It was possible, though not probable. The indefinite continuation of life would not, after all, be half so marvellous a thing as the production of life and its temporary endurance. And if it were true, what then? The person who found it could no doubt rule the world. He could accumulate all the wealth in the world, and all the power, and all the wisdom that is power. He might give a lifetime to the study of each art or science. Well, if that were so, and this *She* were practically immortal, which I did not for one moment believe, how was it that, with all these things at her feet, she preferred to remain in a cave amongst a society of cannibals? That surely settled the question. The whole story was monstrous, and only worthy of the superstitious days in which it was written. At any rate I was very sure that *I* would not attempt to attain unending life. I had had far too many worries and disappointments and secret bitternesses during my forty odd years of existence to wish that this state of affairs should be continued indefinitely. And yet I suppose that my life has been, comparatively speaking, a happy one.

And then, reflecting that at the present moment there was far more likelihood of our earthly careers being cut exceedingly short than of their being unduly prolonged, I at last managed to get to sleep, a fact for which anybody who reads this narrative, if anybody ever does, may very probably be thankful.

When I woke again it was just dawning, and the guard and bearers were moving about like ghosts through the dense morning mists, getting ready for our start. The fire had died quite down, and I rose and stretched myself, shivering in every limb from the damp cold of the dawn. Then I looked at Leo. He was sitting up, holding his hands to his head, and I saw that his face was flushed and his eye bright, and yet yellow round the pupil.

"Well, Leo," I said, "how do you feel?"

"I feel as though I were going to die," he answered, hoarsely. "My head is splitting, my body is trembling, and I am as sick as a cat."

I whistled, or if I did not whistle, I felt inclined to—Leo had got a sharp attack of fever. I went to Job, and asked him for the quinine, of which fortunately we had still a good supply, only to find that Job himself was not much better. He complained of pains across the back, and dizziness, and was almost incapable of helping himself. Then I did the only thing it was possible to do under the circumstances—gave them both about ten grains of quinine, and took a slightly smaller dose myself as a matter of precaution. After that I found Billali, and explained to him how matters stood, asking at the same time what he thought had best be done. He came with me and looked at Leo and Job (whom, by-the-way, he had named the Pig, on account of his fatness, round face, and small eyes).

"Ah," he said, when we were out of ear-shot, "the fever! I thought so. The Lion has it badly; but he is young, and he may live. As for the Pig, his attack is not so bad; it is the 'little fever' that he has; that always begins with pains across the back; it will spend itself upon his fat."

"Can they go on, my father?" I asked.

"Nay, my son, they must go on. If they stop here they will certainly die; and, besides, they will be better in the litters than on the ground. By to-night, if all goes well, we shall be across the marsh and in good air. Come, let us lift them into the litters and start, for it is very bad to stand still in this morning fog. We can eat our morning meal as we go."

This we accordingly did, and with a heavy heart I once more set out upon our strange journey. For the first three hours all went as well as could be expected, and then an accident happened that nearly lost us the pleasure of the company of our venerable friend Billali, whose litter was leading the cavalcade. We were going through a particularly dangerous piece of quagmire, in which the bearers sometimes sank up to their knees. Indeed, it was a mystery to me how they contrived to carry the heavy litters at all over such ground as that which we were traversing, though the two spare hands, as well as the four regular ones, had of course to put their shoulders to the pole.

Presently, as we blundered and floundered along, there was a sharp cry, then a storm of exclamations, and, last of all, a most tremendous splash, and the whole caravan halted.

I jumped out of my litter and ran forward. About twenty yards ahead was the edge of one of those sullen peaty pools of which I have spoken, the path we were following running along the top of its bank, which, as it happened, was a steep one. Looking toward this pool, to my horror I saw that Billali's litter was floating on it, and as for Billali himself, he was nowhere to be seen. To make matters clear I may as well explain at once what had happened. One of Billali's bearers had unfortunately trodden on a basking snake, which had bitten him in the leg, whereon he had, not unnaturally, let go of the pole, and then finding he was tumbling down the bank, grasped at the litter to save himself. The result of this was what might have been expected. The litter was pulled over the edge of the bank, the bearers let go, and the whole thing, including Billali and the man who had been bitten, rolled into the slimy pool. When I got to the edge of the water neither of them was to be seen, and, indeed, the unfortunate bearer never was seen again. Either he struck his head against something, or got wedged in the mud, or possibly the snake-bite paralyzed him. At any rate, he vanished. But though Billali was not to be seen, his whereabouts was clear enough from the agitation of the floating litter, in the bearing cloth and curtains of which he was entangled.

"He is there! Our father is there!" said one of the men; but he did not stir a finger to help him, nor did any of the others. They simply stood and stared at the water.

"Out of the way, you brutes!" I shouted in English, and throwing off my hat, I took a run and sprang well out into the horrid slimy-looking pool. A couple of strokes took me to where Billali was struggling beneath the cloth.

Somehow, I don't quite know how, I managed to push this free of him, and his venerable head, all covered in green slime, like that of a yellowish Bacchus with ivy leaves, emerged upon the surface of the water. The rest was easy, for Billali was an eminently practical individual, and had the common-sense not to grasp hold of me as drowning people often do, so I got him by the arm, and towed him to the bank, through the mud of which we were with difficulty dragged. Such a filthy spectacle as we presented I have never seen before or since, and it will perhaps give some idea of the almost superhuman dignity of Billali's appearance when I say that, coughing, half drowned, and covered with mud and green slime as he was, with his beautiful beard coming to a dripping point, like a Chinaman's freshly oiled pigtail, he still looked venerable and imposing.

"Ye dogs!" he said, addressing the bearers, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to speak; "ye left me, your father, to drown. Had it not been for this stranger, my son the Baboon, assuredly I should have drowned. Well, I will remember it;" and he fixed them with his gleaming though slightly watery eye in a way I saw they did not like, though they tried to appear sulkily indifferent. "As for thee, my son," the old man went on, turning toward me and grasping my hand, "rest assured that I am thy friend through good and evil. Thou hast saved my life; perchance a day may come when I shall save thine."

After that we cleaned ourselves as best we could, fished out the litter, and went on, *minus* the man who had been drowned. I don't know if it was owing to his being an unpopular character, or from native indifference and selfishness of temperament, but I am bound to say that nobody seemed to grieve much over his sudden and final disappearance, unless, perhaps, it was the men who had to do his share of the work.

XI.

THE PLAIN OF KÔR.

About an hour before sundown we at last, to my unbounded gratitude, emerged from the great belt of marsh on to land that swelled upward in a succession of rolling waves. Just on the hither side of the crest of the first wave we halted for the night. My first act was to examine Leo's condition. It was, if anything, worse than in the morning, and a new and very distressing feature, vomiting, set in, and continued till dawn. Not one wink of sleep did I get that night, for I passed it in assisting Ustane, who was one of the most gentle and indefatigable nurses I ever saw, to wait upon Leo and Job. However, the air here was warm and genial without being too hot, and there were no mosquitoes to speak of. Also we were above the level of the marsh mist, which lay stretched beneath us like the dim smoke-pall over a city, lit up here and there by the wandering globes of fen fire. Thus it will be seen that we were, speaking comparatively, in clover.

By dawn on the following morning Leo was quite light-headed, and fancied that he was divided into halves. I was dreadfully distressed, and began to wonder with a sort of sick fear what the termination of the attack would be. Alas! I had heard but too much of how these attacks generally terminate. As I was doing so Billali came up and said that we must be getting on, more especially as, in his opinion, if Leo did not reach some spot where he could be quiet and have proper nursing within the next twelve hours, his life would only be a matter of a day or two. I could not but agree with him; so we got him into the litter, and started on, Ustane walking by his side to keep the flies off him, and see that he did not throw himself out on to the ground.

Within half an hour of sunrise we had reached the top of the rise of which I have spoken, and a most beautiful view broke upon our gaze. Beneath us was a rich stretch of country, verdant with grass and lovely with foliage and flowers. In the background, at a distance, so far as I could judge, of some eighteen miles from where we then stood, a huge and extraordinary mountain rose abruptly from the plain. The base of this great mountain appeared to consist of a grassy slope, but rising from this, I should say, from subsequent observation, at a height of about five hundred feet above the level of the plain, was a most tremendous and absolutely precipitous wall of bare rock, quite twelve or fifteen hundred feet in height. The shape of the mountain, which was undoubtedly of volcanic origin, was round, and of course, as only a segment of its circle was visible, it was difficult to estimate its exact size, which was enormous. I afterward discovered that it could not cover less than fifty square miles of ground. Anything more grand and imposing than the sight presented by this great natural castle, starting in solitary grandeur from the level of the plain, I never saw, and I suppose never shall. Its very solitude added to its majesty, and its towering cliffs seemed to kiss the sky. Indeed, generally speaking, they were clothed in clouds that lay in fleecy masses upon their broad and level battlements.

I sat up in my hammock and gazed out across the plain at this thrilling and majestic sight, and I suppose that Billali noticed it, for he brought his litter alongside.

"Behold the House of '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*'!" he said. "Had ever a queen such a throne before?"

"It is wonderful, my father," I answered. "But how does one enter? Those cliffs look hard to climb."

"Thou shalt see, my Baboon. Look now at the plain below us. What thinkest thou that it is? Thou art a wise man. Come, tell me."

I looked, and saw what appeared to be the line of roadway running straight toward the base of the mountain, though it was covered with turf. There were high banks on each side of it, broken here and there, but fairly continuous on the whole, the meaning of which I did not understand. It seemed so very odd that anybody should embank a roadway.

"Well, my father," I answered, "I suppose that it is a road, otherwise I should have been inclined to say that it was the bed of a river, or rather," I added, observing the extraordinary directness of the cutting, "of a canal."

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

Billali—who, by-the-way, was none the worse for his immersion of the day before—nodded his head sagely as he replied: "Thou art right, my son. It is a channel cut out by those who were before us in this place, to carry away water. Of this am I sure: within the rocky circle of the great mountain whither we journey was once a great lake. But those who were before us, by wonderful arts of which I know naught, hewed a path for the water through the solid rock of the mountain, piercing even to the bed of the lake. But first they cut the channel that thou seest across the plain. Then, when at last the water burst out, it rushed down the channel that had been made to receive it, and crossed this plain till it reached the low land behind the rise, and there, perchance, it made the swamp through which we have come. Then, when the lake was drained dry, the people whereof I speak built a mighty city, whereof naught but ruins and the name of Kôr yet remaineth, on its bed, and from age to age hewed the caves and passages that thou wilt see."

"It may be," I answered. "But if so, how is it that the lake does not fill up again with the rains?"

"Nay, my son, the people were a wise people, and they left a drain to keep it clear. Seest thou the river to the right?" and he pointed to a fair-sized stream that wound away across the plain, some four miles from us. "That is the drain, and it comes out through the mountain where this cutting goes in. At first, perhaps, the water ran down this canal, but afterward the people turned it, and used the cutting for a road."

"And is there, then, no other place where one may enter into the great mountain," I asked, "except through the drain?"

"There is a place," he answered, "where cattle and men on foot may cross with much labor, but it is secret. A year mightest thou search and shouldst never find it. It is only used once a year, when the herds of cattle that have been fatting on the slopes of the mountain, and on this plain, are driven into the space within."

"And does *She* live there always?" I asked, "or does she come at times without the mountain?"

"Nay, my son, where she is, there she is."

By now we were well on to the great plain, and I was examining with delight the varied beauty of its semitropical flowers and trees, the latter of which grew singly, or at most in clumps of three or four, much of the timber being of large size, and belonging apparently to a variety of evergreen oak. There were also many palms, some of them more than one hundred feet high, and the largest and most beautiful tree-ferns that I ever saw, about which hung clouds of jewelled honey-suckers and great-winged butterflies. Wandering about among the trees, or crouching in the long and feathered grass, were all varieties of game, from rhinocerotes down. I saw rhinoceros, buffalo (a large herd), eland, quagga, and sable antelope, the most beautiful of all the bucks, not to mention many smaller varieties of game, and three ostriches which scudded away at our approach like white drift before a gale. So plentiful was the game that at last I could stand it no longer. I had a single-barrel sporting Martini with me in the litter, the "Express" being too cumbersome, and espying a beautiful fat eland rubbing himself under one of the oak-like trees, I jumped out of the litter, and proceeded to creep as near to him as I could. He let me come within eighty yards, and then turned his head, and stared at me preparatory to running away. I lifted the rifle, and taking him about midway down the shoulder, for he was side on to me, fired. I never made a cleaner shot or a better kill in all my small experience, for the great buck sprang right up into the air and fell dead. The bearers, who had all halted to see the performance, gave a murmur of surprise—an unwonted compliment from these sullen people, who never appear to be surprised at anything, and a party of the guard at once ran off to cut the animal up. As for myself, though I was longing to have a look at him, I sauntered back to my litter as though I had been in the habit of killing eland all my life, feeling that I had gone up several degrees in the estimation of the Amahagger, who looked on the whole thing as a very high-class manifestation of witchcraft. As a matter of fact, however, I had never seen an eland in a wild state before. Billali received me with enthusiasm.

"It is wonderful, my son the Baboon," he cried—"wonderful! Thou art a very great man, though so ugly. Had I not seen, surely I would never have believed. And thou sayest that thou wilt teach me to slay in this fashion?"

"Certainly, my Father," I said, airily; "it is nothing."

But all the same, I firmly made up my mind that when "my father" Billali began to fire, I would without fail lie down or take refuge behind a tree.

After this little incident nothing happened of any note till about an hour and a half before sundown, when we arrived beneath the shadow of the towering volcanic mass that I have already described. It is quite impossible for me to describe its grim grandeur as it appeared to me while my patient bearers toiled along the bed of the ancient water-course toward the spot where the rich brown-clad cliff shot up from precipice to precipice till its crown lost itself in cloud. All I can say is that it almost awed me by the intensity of its lonesome and most solemn greatness. On we went up the bright and sunny slope, till at last the creeping shadows from above swallowed up its brightness, and presently we began to pass through a cutting hewn in the living rock. Deeper and deeper grew this marvellous work, which must, I should say, have employed thousands of men for many years. Indeed, how it was ever executed at all without the aid of blasting-powder or dynamite I cannot to this day imagine. It is and must remain one of the mysteries of this wild land. I can only suppose that these cuttings and the vast caves that had been hollowed out of the rocks it pierced were the state undertakings of the people of Kôr, who lived here in the dim lost ages of the world, and, as in the case of the Egyptian monuments, were executed by the forced labor of tens of thousands of captives, carried on through an indefinite number of centuries. But who were the people?

At last we reached the face of the precipice itself, and found ourselves looking into the mouth of a dark tunnel that forcibly reminded me of those undertaken by our nineteenth-century engineers in the construction of railway lines. Out of this tunnel flowed a considerable stream of water. Indeed, though I do not think that I have mentioned it, we had followed this stream, which ultimately developed into the river I have already described as winding away to the right from the spot where the cutting in the solid rock commenced. Half of this cutting formed a channel for the stream, and half, which was placed on a slightly higher level—eight feet, perhaps—was devoted to the purposes of a roadway. At the termination of the cutting, however, the stream turned off across the plain and followed a channel of its own. At the mouth of the cave the cavalcade was halted, and while the men employed themselves in lighting some earthen-ware lamps they had brought with them, Billali, descending from his litter, informed me politely but firmly that the orders of *She* were that we were now to be blindfolded, so that we should not learn the secret of the paths through the bowels of the mountains. To this I of course assented cheerfully enough, but Job, who was now very much better, notwithstanding the journey, did not like it at all, fancying, I believe, that it was but a preliminary step to being hot-potted. He was, however, a little consoled when I pointed out to him that there were no hot pots handy, and, so far as I knew, no fire to heat them in. As for poor Leo, after turning restlessly for hours, he had, to my deep thankfulness, at last dropped off into a sleep or stupor, I don't know which, so there was no need to blindfold him. The blindfolding was performed by binding a piece of the yellowish linen whereof those of the Amahagger who condescended to wear anything in particular made their dresses, tightly round the eyes. This linen, I afterward discovered, was taken from the tombs, and was not, as I had at first supposed, of native manufacture. The bandage was then knotted at the back of the head, and finally brought down again, and the ends bound under the chin to prevent its slipping. Ustane was, by-the-way, also blindfolded. I do not know why, unless it was from fear that she should impart the secrets of the route to us. This operation performed, we started on once more, and soon, by the echoing sound of the footsteps of the bearers and the increased noise of the water caused by reverberation in a confined space, I knew that we were entering into the bowels of the great mountain. It was an eerie sensation, being borne along into the heart of a mountain we knew not whither, but I was getting used to eerie sensations by this time, and by now was pretty well prepared for anything. So I lay still, and listened to the tramp, tramp, of the bearers and the rushing of the water, and tried to believe that I was enjoying myself. Presently the men set up the melancholy little chant that I had heard on the first night when we were captured in the whale-boat, and the effect produced by their voices was very curious, and quite indescribable on paper. After a while the air began to get exceedingly thick and heavy, so much so, indeed, that I felt as though I were going to choke, till at length I felt the litter take a sharp turn, then another, and another, and the sound of the running water ceased. After this the air got fresher again, but the turns were continuous, and to me, blindfolded as I was, most bewildering. I tried to keep a map of them in my mind, in case it might ever be necessary for us to try and escape by this route, but, needless to say, failed utterly. Another half-hour or so passed, and then suddenly I became aware that we were once more in the open air. I could see the light through my bandage and feel the freshness of it on my face. A few more minutes and the caravan halted, and I heard Billali order Ustane to remove her bandage and undo ours. Without waiting for her attentions I got the knot of mine loose, and looked out.

As I anticipated, we passed right through the precipice, and were now on its further side, and immediately beneath its beetling face. The first thing I noticed was that it was not nearly so high here, not so high, I should say, by five hundred feet, which proved that the bed of the lake, or rather of the vast ancient crater in which we stood, was much higher than the surrounding plain. For the rest, we found ourselves in a huge rock-surrounded cup, not unlike that of the first place where we had sojourned, only ten times the size. Indeed, one could only just make out the frowning line of the opposite cliffs. A great portion of the plain thus enclosed by nature was cultivated, and fenced in with walls of stone placed there to keep the cattle and goats, of which there were large herds about, from breaking into the gardens. Here and there rose great grass mounds, and some miles away toward the centre I thought that I could see the outline of colossal ruins. I had no time to observe anything more at the moment, for we were instantly surrounded by crowds of Amahagger, similar in every particular to those with whom we were already familiar, who, though they spoke little, pressed round us so closely as to obscure the view to a person lying in a hammock. Then all of a sudden a number of armed men, arranged in companies, and marshalled by officers who held an ivory wand in their hands, came running swiftly toward us, having, so far as I could make out, emerged from the face of the precipice like ants from their burrows. These men as well as their officers were all robed in addition to the usual leopard-skin, and, as I gathered, formed the body-guard of *She* herself.

Their leader advanced to Billali, saluted him by placing his ivory wand transversely across his forehead, and then asked some question which I could not catch, and Billali having answered him, the whole regiment turned and marched along the side of the cliff, our cavalcade of litters following in their track. After going thus for about half a mile we halted once more in front of the mouth of a tremendous cave, measuring about fifty feet in height by eighty wide, and here Billali descended finally, and requested Job and myself to do the same. Leo, of course, was far too ill to do anything of the sort. I did so, and we entered the great cave, into which the light of the setting sun penetrated for some distance, while beyond the reach of the light it was faintly illuminated with lamps, which seemed to me to stretch away for an almost immeasurable distance, like the gas-lights of an empty London street. Another thing that I noticed was that the walls were covered with sculptures in bass-relief, of a sort, pictorially speaking, similar to those that I have described upon the vases, love scenes principally, then hunting pictures, and pictures of executions, and the torture of criminals by the placing of a hot, presumably red-hot, pot upon the *head*, showing whence our hosts had derived this pleasant practice. There were very few battle-pieces, though many of duels, and men running and wrestling, and from this fact I am led to believe that this people was not much subject to attack by exterior foes, either on account of the isolation of their position, or because of their great strength. Between the pictures were columns of stone characters of a formation absolutely new to me; at any rate, they were neither Greek, nor Egyptian, nor Hebrew, nor Assyrian—that I can swear to. They looked more like Chinese than anything else. Near to the entrance of the cave both pictures and writing were worn away, but further in they were in many cases absolutely fresh and perfect as the day on which the sculptor had ceased work upon them.

The regiment of guards did not come further than the entrance to the cave, where they formed up to let us pass through. On entering the place itself we were, however, met by a man robed in white, who bowed humbly, but said nothing, which, as it afterward appeared that he was a deaf-mute, was not very wonderful.

Running at right angles to the main cave, at a distance of some twenty feet from the entrance, was a smaller cave or wide gallery, that was pierced into the rock both to the right and to the left of the main cave. At the mouth of this gallery to our left stood two guards, and from this circumstance I argued that it was the entrance to the apartments of *She* herself. The entrance to the right gallery was unguarded, and down this the mute indicated we were to proceed. A few yards down this gallery, which was lighted with lamps, we came to the entrance to a chamber with a curtain made of some grass material, not unlike a Zanzibar mat in appearance, hung over the doorway. This the mute drew back with another profound obeisance, and led the way into a good-sized apartment, hewn, of course, out of the solid rock, but, to my great delight, lighted by means of a shaft pierced in the face of the precipice. In this room was a stone bedstead, pots full of water for washing, and beautifully tanned leopard-skins to serve as blankets.

Here we left Leo, who was still sleeping heavily, and with him stopped Ustane. I noticed that the mute gave her a very sharp look, as much as to say, "Who are you, and by whose orders do you come here?" Then he conducted us to another similar room, which Job took, and then to two more, that were respectively occupied by Billali and myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

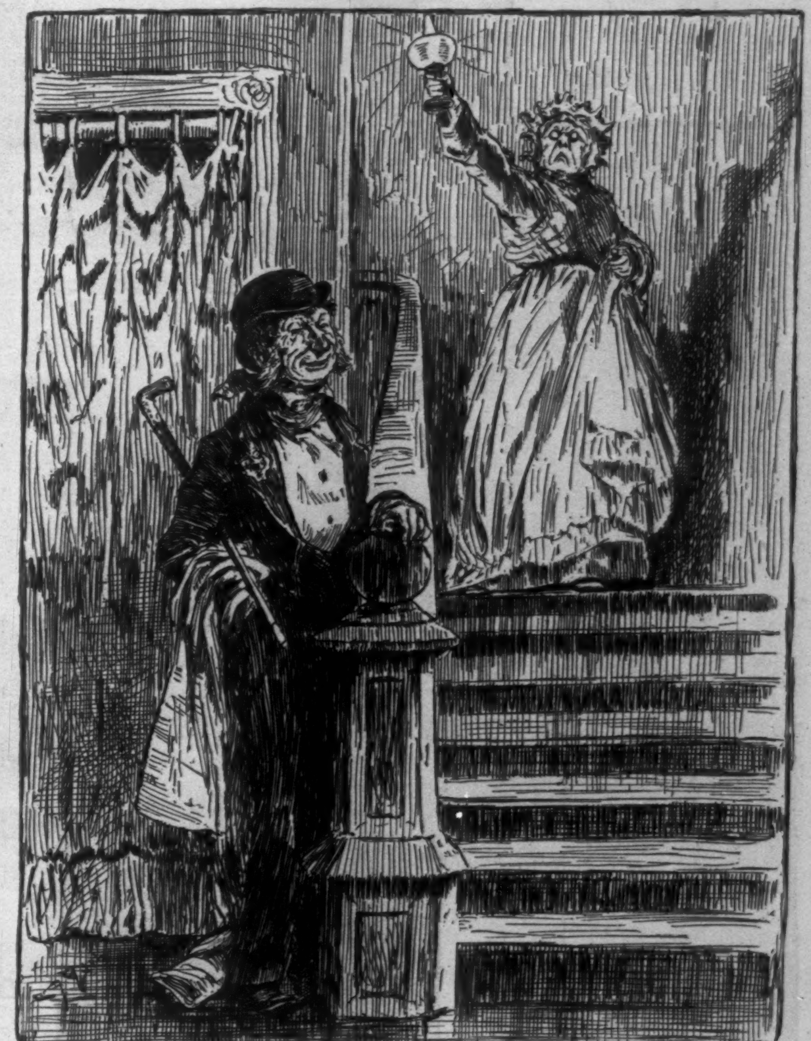
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A LADY and her daughter in Berlin, according to the *Fremdenblatt*, change places with their servants every other Sunday, doing the entire household work themselves, and giving up the drawing-room to the servants and their friends. The servants play on the piano, sing, read, knit, sew, and otherwise occupy themselves as they please, and are waited upon by the ladies precisely as they themselves wait on ordinary days. Usually the servants have company on these peculiar occasions, and the benevolent ladies have an extra dinner to cook, which they do, however, with cheerfulness, washing the dishes afterward. The literal observance of the Golden Rule is doubtless what the Berlin ladies intend, though of course the rule does not specify that persons need practise it only on every fourteenth day.

In England in 1841 the consumption of tobacco per head was 13¾ ounces; now it is 1 pound 7 ounces. In 1841 the whole consumption was 23,096,000 pounds; last year it was 52,752,000 pounds.

It is said that the kingdom of Bavaria has 4500 hook and ladder companies, and 250,000 firemen. It seems hardly credible, but the Bavarians are inordinate smokers, and maybe the authorities thought that where there was so much smoke there was sure to be some fire.

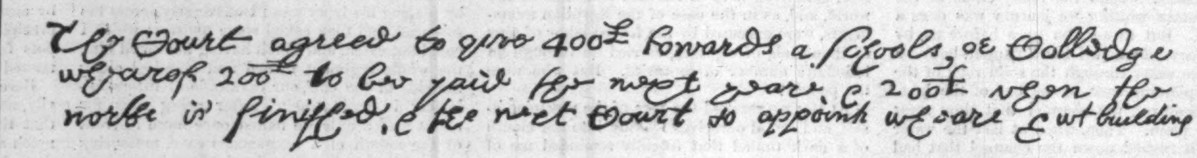
The *Shanghai Courier* translates from a Chinese newspaper the advertisement of a widely known and respected ink manufacturer as follows: "At the shop Tae Shing ('Prosperous in the extreme'), very good ink. Fine! fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self made this ink. Fine and hard, very hard; picked with care, selected with attention. The ink is heavy; so is gold. The eyes of the dragon glitter and dazzle; so does this ink. No one makes like it."



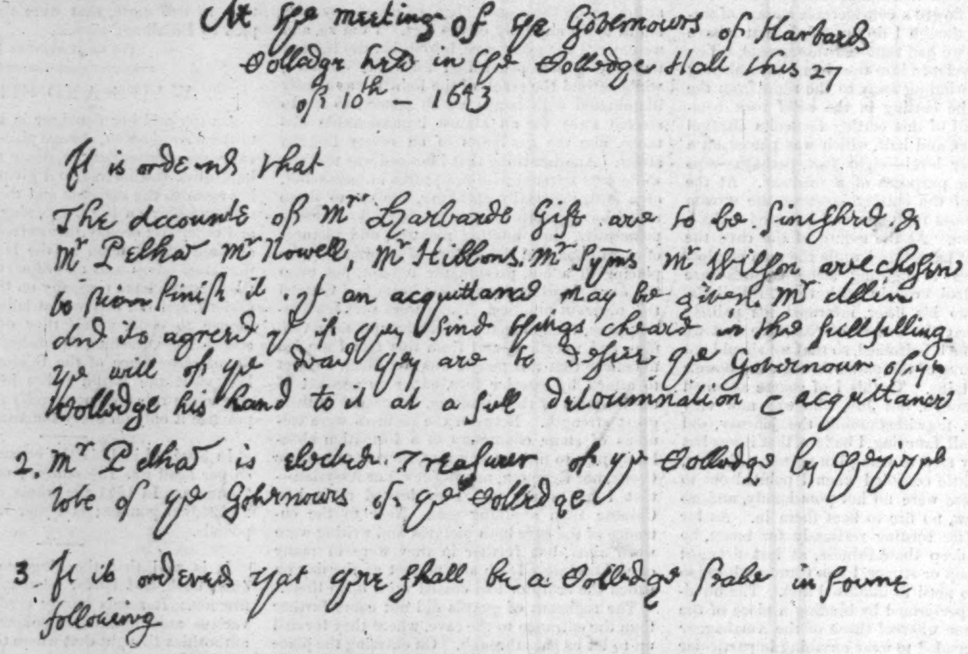
NOT QUITE ENLIGHTENED.

"Knock me down with a—feather! How'd the s-t-hat-oo get up 'ere? There's a mishtake—shum-where."

FROM
"THE RECORDS OF THE COLONY
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS BAY
IN
NEW ENGLAND
Novr 28th 1636.



The Court agreed to give 400£ towards a schoole, or colledge whereof 200£ to bee paid the next yeare & 200£ when the worke is finished & the next Court to appoint wheare & wt building



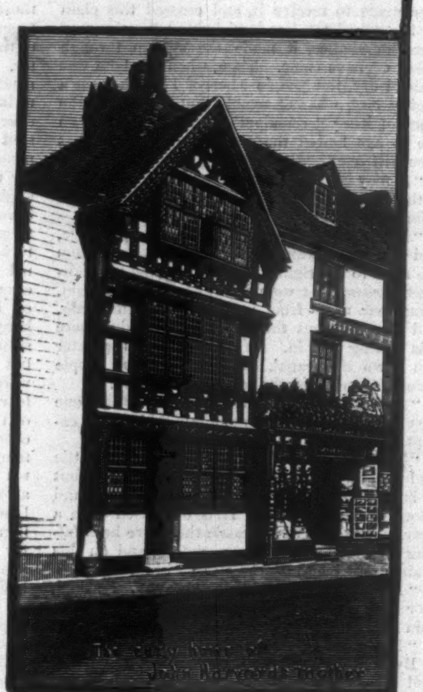
At the meeting of ye Governours of Harvard Colledge held in the Colledge Hall this 27 of 10th – 1643

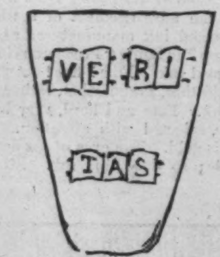
It is ordered that
The accounts of Mr Harvards Gift are to be finished & Mr Pelham Mr Nowell, Mr Hibbons Mr Symes Mr Willson are chosen to see & finish it, & an acquittance may be given. Mr Allin and its agreed yt if they find things cleared in the fullfilling ye will of ye dead they are to desire ye Governour of ye Colledge his hand to it as a full determination & acquittance

2. Mr Pelham is elected Treasurer of ye Colledge by ye joynt vote of ye Governours of ye Colledge

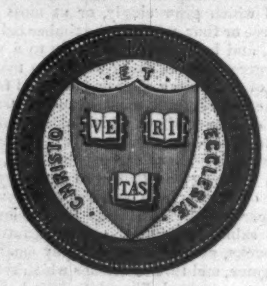
3. It is ordered that there shall be a Colledge seale in forme following

MINUTES OF FIRST MEETING OF BOARD OF GOVERNORS





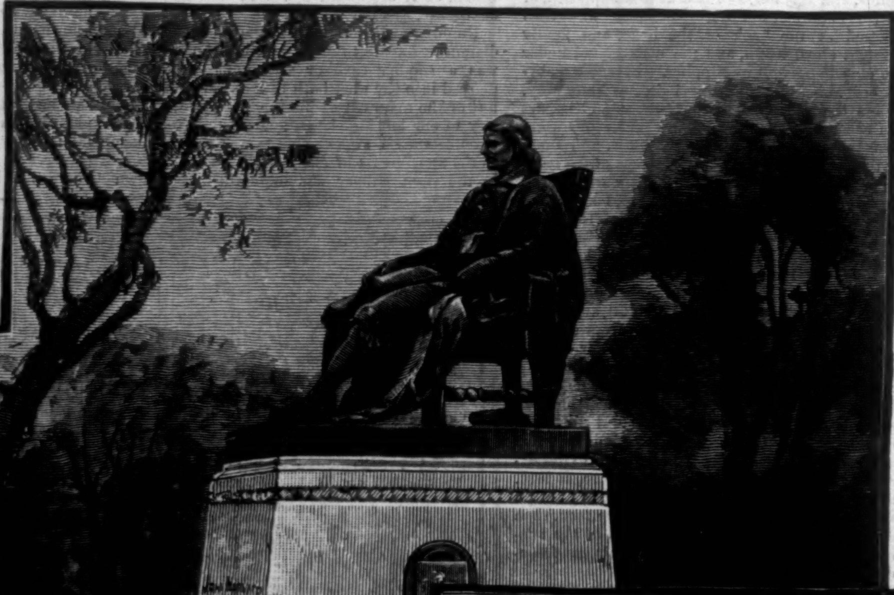
FIRST SKETCH FOR SEAL



SEAL OF HARVARD COLLEGE

Henry Dunster

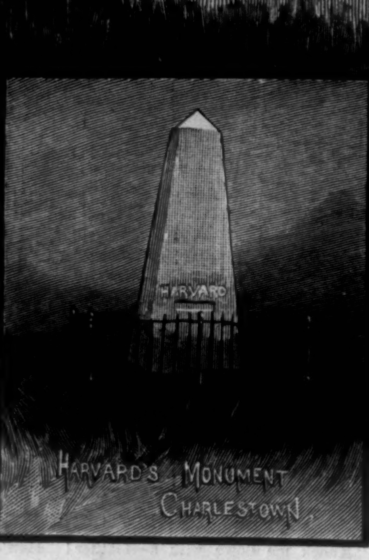
AUTOGRAPH OF FIRST PRESIDENT



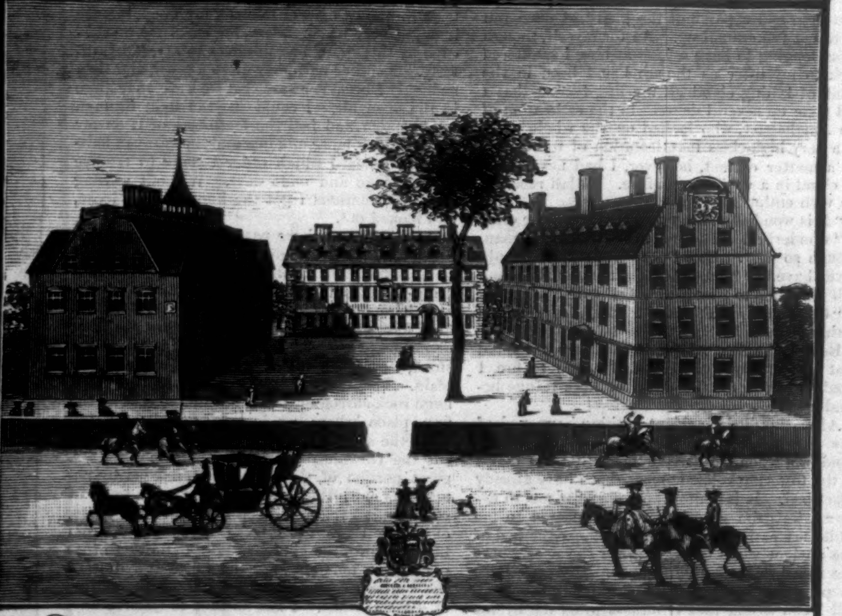
FRENCH'S STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD

John Harvard

AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN HARVARD



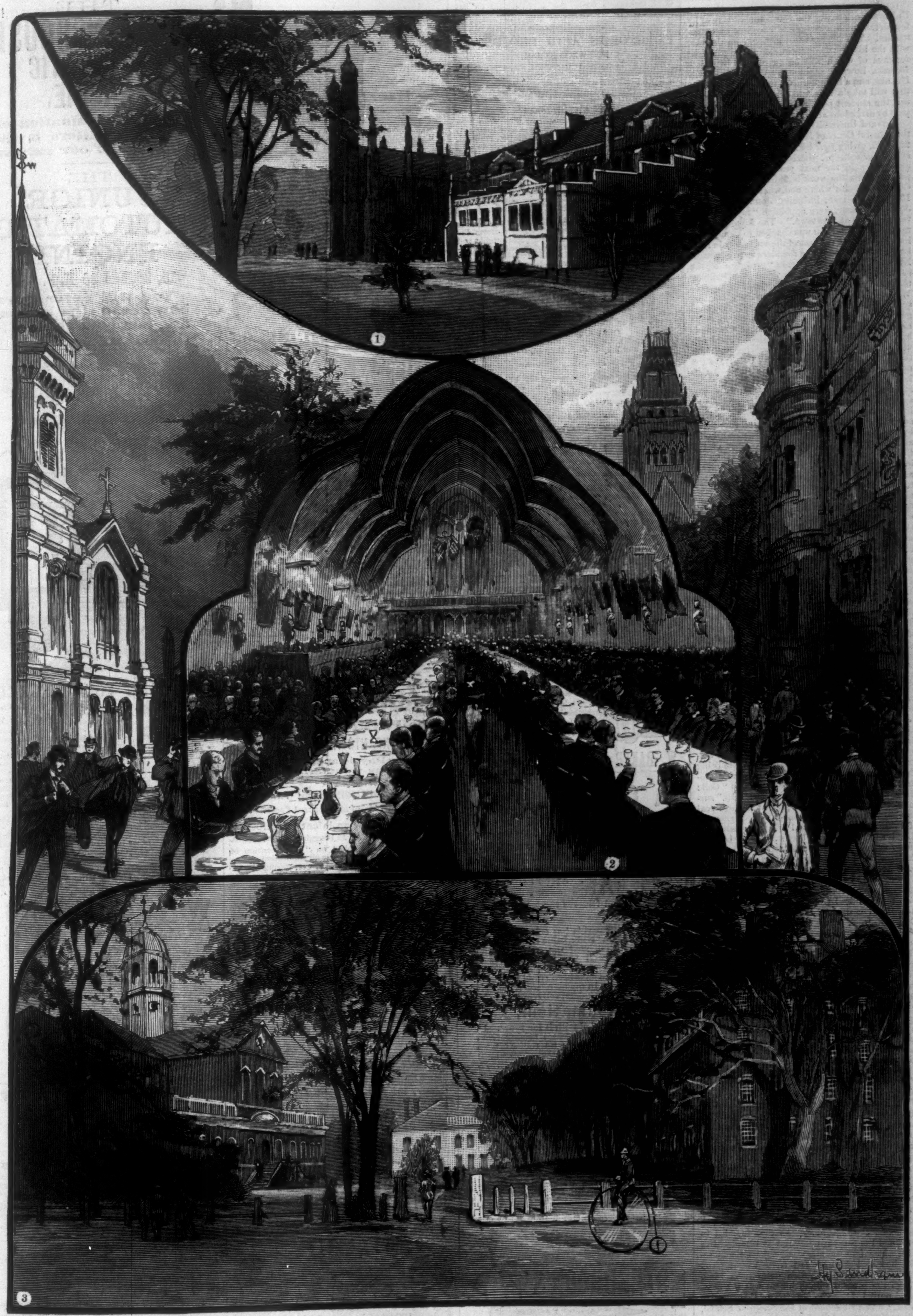
HARVARD'S MONUMENT CHARLESTOWN



A Prospect of the Colledges in Cambridge in New England

VIEW OF COLLEGE IN 1739.

THE HARVARD CELEBRATION—OLD HARVARD.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 722.]



THE HARVARD CELEBRATION—NEW HARVARD.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 722.]

1. Gore Hall. 2. The Dining Hall. 3. College Yard.

THE HARVARD CELEBRATION.

On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of November Harvard University celebrates the 250th anniversary of its foundation with appropriate exercises and ceremonies. The celebration will begin on the 6th, with the historical commemoration, the principal features of which will be an oration by **James Russell Lowell**, a poem by **Oliver Wendell Holmes**, and a banquet. On the 7th, the celebration will take a religious character; and on the 8th, the student population will take the leading part by diversions and performances of their own.

Harvard University had its origin in a vote of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, October 28, 1636, giving four hundred pounds "toward a schoole or colledge, whereof two hundred pounds shall be paid the next year, and two hundred pounds when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building." In 1637 twelve men, including **John Cotton** and **John Winthrop**, were appointed "to take order for a college at Newtown." The following year the name of the town was changed to Cambridge, in recognition of the seat of the university in England at which the leading founders were educated. **Nathaniel Eaton** was made "professor of the said school" in 1637, and soon had a small building under his charge on or near the site of the present Wadsworth House. In the same year a young Dissenting minister from England, **John Harvard**, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, made his appearance in Charlestown, and in 1638 died, leaving all his library, about three hundred volumes, and half his estate, amounting to more than double the sum voted by the Colony, to the new College. In 1639 the name Harvard College was given to it by the General Court, which still retained control over the institution. The act of incorporation was passed in 1642, establishing the president, five fellows, and the treasurer as a corporation, with perpetual succession by the power to fill vacancies in its own body, and the Board of Overseers, to consist of the Governor and Deputy-Governor for the time being, "together with the teaching elders of the six next adjoining towns, viz., Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester, and the president of the College for the time being." The first president was **Henry Dunster**, who began his labors in 1640, and held his first Commencement in 1642, when "nine bachelors commenced." A new charter was granted in 1650, and an appendix was added in 1657. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to change the charter, until, in 1707, a vote was passed by the General Court reasserting the integrity and force of the charter of 1650. The first half-century of the existence of the institution was one of struggle with lack of means to extend its facilities. The General Court made several grants of money, and private gifts were made, largely of lands outside of the town of Cambridge.

The first president of American birth was **Increase Mather**, a graduate of the class of 1656, who came to the office in 1685. For many years the president took a leading part as a teacher in the College. At the first meeting of the corporation and overseers, December 27, 1647, it was "ordered that there shall be a colledge seale in the form following," the form being a shield with three open books, bearing the inscription, "Veritas." This being considered too simple, a second seal was adopted, the form of the shield being changed, and the motto being, "In Christi gloriam," above and beside the shield, with "Coll: Harvard: Cantab: Nov: Angl: 1650: Sigill." surrounding the design. The present College seal had been adopted at the time of the inauguration of President **Leverett**, in 1707. It retains the shield with three open books thereon, but the motto around the sides and top is, "Christo et Ecclesiæ," and the circumscription reads, "Sigillvm: Academiae: Harvardianae: in: Nov: Ang."

The old Harvard Hall, the first considerable building erected for the College, was built in 1682, with money raised from various towns and individuals. The original Stoughton Hall was completed in 1699, being the gift of Chief-Justice **Stoughton**, a graduate of the class of 1650. A third building was added at public expense in 1720, and named Massachusetts Hall. The first professorship was founded in 1721 by **Thomas Hollis**, an Englishman. This was a professorship of Divinity, but that of Mathematics was founded in 1726 by the same benefactor. The College Faculty was organized in 1725, with President **Wadsworth** at its head, who was inaugurated on Commencement Day, July 7, of that year. In 1764 Harvard Hall was burned, and the library, containing **John Harvard**'s books and scientific apparatus presented by **Hollis**.

The first Constitution of Massachusetts contained articles "confirming and securing to Harvard College the perpetual possession and enjoyment of all its estates, rights, powers, and privileges." The control of the State over the government of the College was retained to a very large extent down to 1865, the Board of Overseers being elected by the Legislature. In that year the act was passed which provided for their election by the alumni, and in 1880 for the first time non-residents of Massachusetts were made eligible to the board. The growth of the University prior to 1865 had been gradual but steady. The Medical School was established in 1782, the Divinity School in 1815, and the Law School in 1817. The Astronomical Observatory was first founded in 1839, and the present building was completed in 1851. The Lawrence Scientific School was established in 1847 by a gift from **Abbott Lawrence**. The Botanic Garden dates from 1842, though the present establishment was not completed until 1871. The Museum of Comparative Zoology was an offshoot of the Scientific School, largely the work of Professor **Agassiz**, and was fully established as a separate institution in 1859. Later additions are the Dental School, Bussy Institution and Arboretum, and Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology.

The finest furs are offered in the greatest variety at C. G. Gunther's Sons. See advertisement on last page of this paper.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. J. S. Hullman, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."—[*Adv.*]

AN AWFUL DOOM

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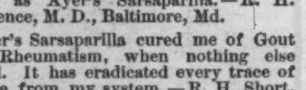

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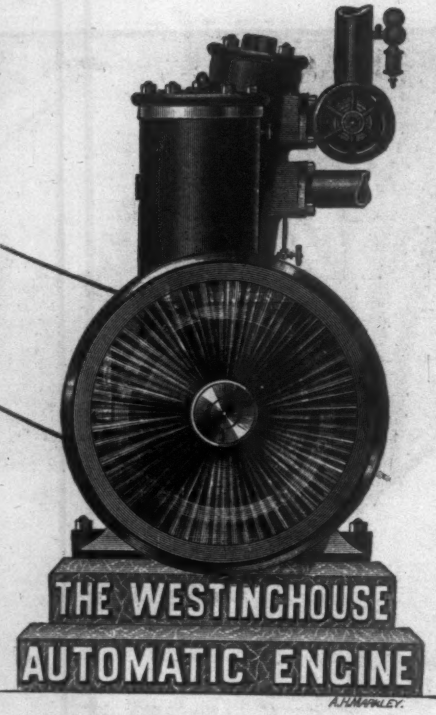

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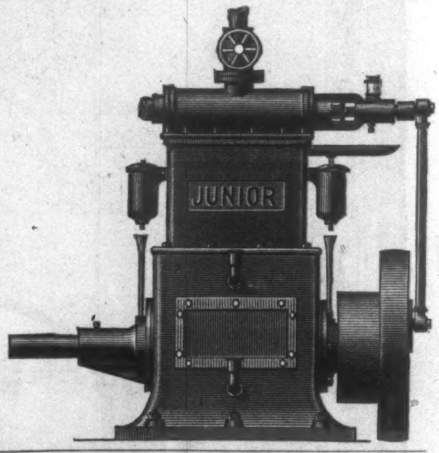

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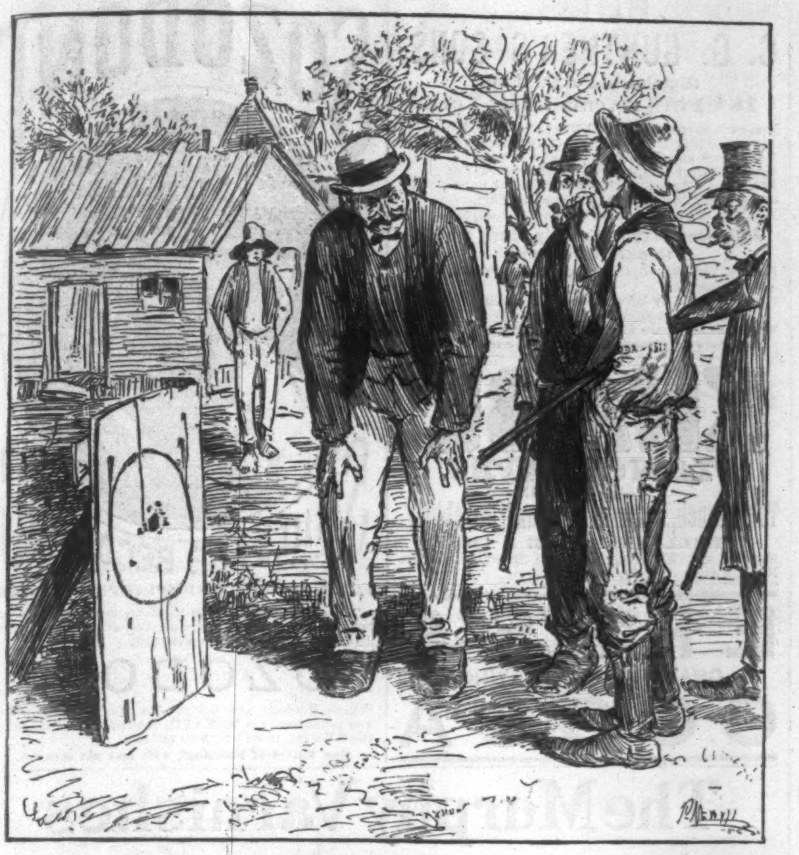
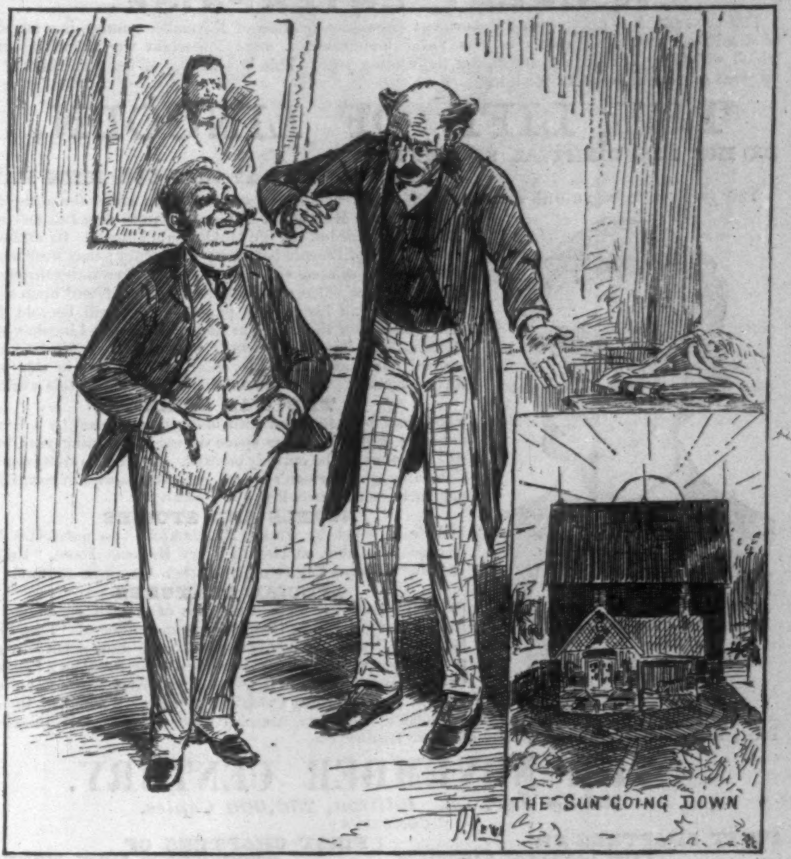


THE ORDINARY WAY.

AUDACIOUS STRANGER. "I say, boys, pretty good shootin', but I kin do as well *with one eye shut.*"

[Everybody is mad, and just knows that he, nor any one else, can do *that.*



THEOLOGICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL.

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SHORT PARTY. "Not at all impossible. You'd as soon believe that as to believe that a man could make the sun go down an hour too soon?"

TALL PARTY. "Certainly."

SHORT PARTY. "Well, sir, ever since you built that barn west of my house, the sun has gone down something like an hour too soon."

[Tall Party ceases in disgust.

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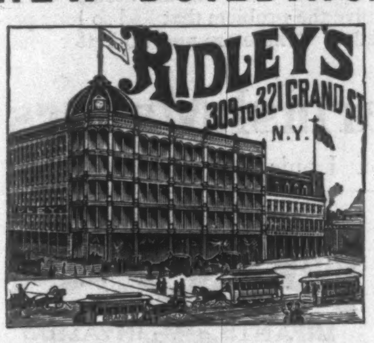

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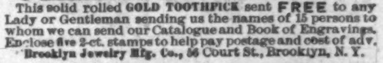

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